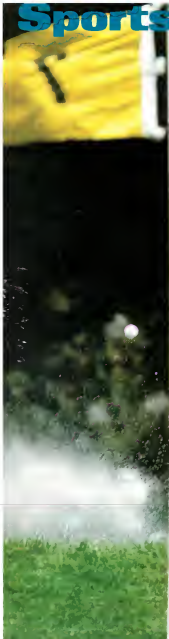


Sports Illustrated

JUNE 27, 1968 40 CENTS

THE OPEN

A DRAMATIC WIN FOR CASPER





No wonder the English have kept cool for 197 years!

(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

The Company For People Who Travel

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Next week

THE FASTEST MILE in history may be run by Jim Ryun at the AAU championships in New York. A report on text and color on the meet that will select the team to oppose Russia.

OCEAN YACHT RACING is 100 years old, healthier than ever and growing like a boy. We salute its anniversary with a cover plus 16 pages of text, paintings and color pictures.

THE SHELBY FIGHT between Dempsey and Gibbons is still a subject for controversy. Now the man responsible for it answers questions that have long puzzled historians of sports.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated ®

"I have the only father," said Karen Mann, age 15, "who just for kicks pokes through a whole encyclopedia to find guys who bat right-handed but throw left-handed." Her mother was more to the point. She turned off *The Late Show* and paused to observe her spouse, running his index finger down page after page of *The Official Encyclopedia of Baseball* and muttering, "BRTL, BRTL..." "Child," she growled, and went to bed.

Some baseball fans do have puerile tendencies, and Associate Editor Jack Mann, for all his biased posture, has a lot of fan left in him from his formative Ott-Hubbey years. More important, however, baseball fans tend to be serendipitous. Who is so wrong as a baseball nut who comes to the Hot Stove armed with some deliciously obscure detail? In a Game of Records, where a fan is dismissed as a poseur if he doesn't know how many shutouts Grover Alexander had in 1916, the precious nuggets must be found by accident. Jack Mann had stumbled upon a lode, and he was mining it.

In preparing a story on the Mets (page 36), he was impressed by the probability that Center Fielder Cleon Jones is a bona fide big leaguer who could still be around in 1975. That would make him the first BRTL 10-year man since Johnny Cooney of the old Boston Braves and Brooklyn Dodgers. Jones could even become the first BRTL .300 hitter since—since who?

That's how it started, and it ends below with Mann's contribution to

baseball memorabilia—the first published BRTL Hall of Fame. Whether or not Jones ever does hit .300, all he has to do is last another three weeks to become the 13th lefty-throwing, righty-batting baseball player (other than pitchers) ever to play 100 games in the major leagues. He would even make the alltime BRTL all-stars (below). Hal Chase, the great first baseman, would play second (which he could do if he was as neat with the glove as Grandpa says), and the team would have superb pitching: Eppa Rixey, Nap Rucker, Sandy Koufax, Carl Hubbell, Prescher Roe and all the others we're going to find in the mail this week.

Any BLTR Hall of Fame would begin with Cobb, Williams, Gehrigner and Dickey and grow to telephone-book size. So why is the BRTL roster only a corporal's guard? We don't know, and neither does Cleon Jones. The stigma against left-handedness has diminished in recent decades, and nobody in Plateau, Ala. ever chided Cleon about taking the fork in the "wrong" hand. "My mother and my grandma were left-handed," he says. "And all the left-handed kids where I came from batted right-handed. They just did."

Same thing holds in Connecticut. For some time now I've had my eye on a promising 13-year-old who's a BRTL. Name is Lindsay Valk.

Garry Vail

THE HALL OF FAME

	YEARS	GAMES	B.A.
JAMES E. RYAN of, p, ss	1885-1903	2,008	.314
RUBI BRESLER of, 1b, of	1914-1932	1,302	.302
HAL CHASE 1b, 2b, of	1905-1919	1,917	.291
JOHNNY COONEY p, of, 1b	1921-1944	1,172	.286
HERMAN REICH of, 1b	1949	111	.279
AL NIXON of	1915-1928	422	.276
WARREN CARPENTER 3b, 1b, of	1878-1892	6,183	.264
PAUL MELOAN of	1910-1911	630	.253
CARL WARWICK of, 1b	1961-1966	530	.248
CLEON JONES of	1963-	82	.231
EDWARD (POP) TATE c	1885-1890	222	.225
JAMES MACULLAR ss, of	1879-1886	440	.219
R. C. STEVENS 1b	1958-1961	604	.210

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BOOKTALK

An old hand has turned out a thorough, eight-volume travel guide to the U.S.

Eugene Fodor, world traveler, has come home. For 30 years he has been shepherding Americans through the wilds of Nepal, the souks of Morocco and the lost cities of Cambodia. Now he has edited eight readable and well-researched guides to the continental U.S. describing the pleasures of holidays at home. The guides are \$1.95 each and can be bought either at bookstores (distributed by David McKay Co.) or at Shell service stations. Shell Oil Company participated in the project, without, however, being involved in the editing.

The spots information, up to now sadly lacking in most guide books, is generally excellent. There are errors and omissions, as one might expect from such an ambitious project, and a lot of the camping information is already out of date. The guide to the state of Washington makes only a passing historical mention of the highly scenic San Juan Islands in Puget Sound, which offer such excellent boating. Nevertheless, the writers and researchers have done a remarkable job of sifting the untweedy amounts of information that pour in from chambers of commerce, parks departments and public relations agencies whose business it is to bring in the tourist.

Each state is treated separately, and in depth, and 30 important cities have separate sections with maps. New York has almost half a book to itself. Hotels, restaurants and attractions are described in detail, and gentle advice is given on how best to behave to gain the approval of the local citizenry.

The guides are a good combination of evocative travel writing and hard fact. Each book begins with a general essay on its particular region. The choice of writers for these opening essays was obviously made with care, and the results are lively.

The essay on the Midwest was written by Paul Fiegle, Director of the Creative Writing Workshop at the University of Iowa, and the background of the Rockies and Plains was provided by Stewart L. Udall, the Secretary of the Interior.

Another essay, "Exploring the State," follows, describing, with maps, major cities and points of interest. Then comes practical information on hotels, motels and restaurants, divided into five basic categories ranging from "super deluxe" to "inexpensive." The descriptions are occasionally a little coy: one French restaurant is "so Gallic, you'll think you're in Paris," and there is an Italian place where "they are past masters at being pasta masters." Comments and criticism are invited by the editors.

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Road & Track Magazine summed it up best. "The 1800 S is a very civilized touring car for people who want to travel rapidly in style, a Gran Turismo car of the type much in the news these days—but at a price that many people who cannot afford a Ferrari or an Aston Martin will be able to pay."

Another price you'll be able to pay is maintenance. Unlike most GT cars, the Volvo 1800 S doesn't require a full-time mechanic to keep it in tune. As Sports Car Graphic magazine wrote, "The Volvo B-18 engine

is one of the most, if not THE most, reliable, rugged, and unbreakable car engines being built today."

The entire car, for that matter, is one of the most unbreakable being built today. In Sweden where there are no speed limits on the highways and over 70,000 miles of unpaved roads, Volvos are driven an average of eleven years.

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Another reason is that they hold up. A VW is put together so well, it's practically airtight. (It helps to open a window to close a door. Even on old ones.)

And, new VW or old, there's all that nice money you keep saving on gas, oil, tires, insurance and repairs.

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Arnie's whole idea is to place in your hands a set of tools so mechanically flawless you can forget about everything except your form. "After an

hour," wrote one golfer, "the clubs began to feel like a part of my own arm."

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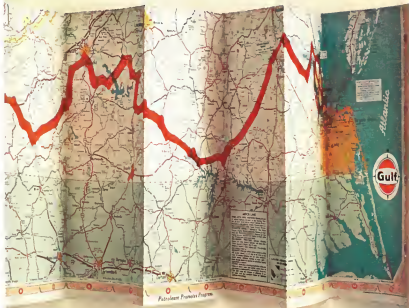
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SCORECARD

FALSE ECONOMY

There used to be a vaudeville adage: "If you think you're good, play Oakland." Nobody or nothing ever went over there except the other end of the Bay Bridge until Al Davis made the Oakland Raiders a reputable football team. Their success stimulated the city to erect its splendid coliseum, which was also designed, perhaps forlornly, to attract an American League baseball team.

So Oakland's big league now? No, it's still bush. The other day its citizenry voted down, by almost a 2 to 1 margin, Proposition K, a bond issue that would have assured the survival of such extracurricular high school activities as band, drama and athletics.

As a result, the Oakland Athletic League, which produced Bill Russell, Frank Robinson and Vada Pinson, among others, is dead, and Oakland has evidently achieved the distinction of being the only major city in the U.S. without an interscholastic sports program. The athletic budget for 10 sports and some 1,500 participants had been only \$170,000 a year.

It makes one wonder what these kids are going to do now when class lets out. Most of them are Negroes, and Oakland had already been tabbed as potentially another Watts. As Mel Caughell, president of the Oakland School Board, put it, "Athletics keep more kids in school than any other phase of our educational program."

To which another school board official bitterly added, "These people may think they saved themselves a few bucks, but just wait until they see the bills for law enforcement."

HOW FAST DOES A POSSUM TROT?

A snail paces at .000361 mph to .03125 mph, tops, but how fast does a possum trot? Considerably slower than a taxing jet, at any rate.

The way Jim Hammett, the former mayor of Claremore, Okla. tells it, he was returning from New York to Tulsa.

His plane touched down on the runway at Tulsa International Airport and was trundling toward the terminal, when suddenly it braked to a stop and then crept slowly ahead.

A minute or two later, Hammett says, a voice came over the cabin loudspeaker: "This is your captain speaking. Some of you may be wondering why we applied the brakes awhile back. Well, there's a big fat possum trotting along the runway right ahead of the plane and he won't get over."

A RISK WELL TAKEN

On June 9 the Sierra Club, the nation's largest and most eminent conservation group, ran full-page ads in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* importuning readers to protest two proposed dams which the club feels would irrevocably alter and ruin the "essence and excellence" of the Grand Canyon.

Less than 24 hours later the Internal Revenue Service, in a wholly unprecedented move, advised the club that it could no longer be assured that its donations would be tax deductible. The IRS claimed that the club may have violated the section of its code denying tax-exempt status to organizations which devote a "substantial" part of their activities to attempts to influence legislation.

Although it is generally believed that the Sierra Club's "lobbying" amounts to less than 1% of its total activities and expenditures, and although the IRS is unable to come up with any figure or percentage defining "substantial," the club may well lose a good deal of revenue before the IRS gets around to auditing its books, and making some sort of ruling.

Undeniably, tax exemption is a privilege that shouldn't be abused, but it appears, in this instance, that the IRS proceeded with excessive zeal and haste. Furthermore, its action is an intolerable perversion of one of the principles of justice—that one is not punished before guilt is determined.

It also seems unreasonable that the Reclamation Bureau can, with impunity, lobby for the dams at the taxpayers' expense while the Sierra Club is not permitted to combat effectively what it believes to be against the public interest.

"We saw that there was risk," says David Brower, executive secretary of the Sierra Club, "but the risk to our solvency is much less important than the risk to the land. We're going to continue defending Grand Canyon, and we're hoping that enough citizens will care enough to help keep us afloat."

BEST WINNER, TERI, CHET AND CAL

After Ten Kipke and Chet Schwartz of Des Moines, Iowa, had been joined in holy matrimony, one of the wedding guests was reading aloud the congratulatory telegrams. That is, until he came to one which began, "You are suspended indefinitely for your actions. . . ."

"It must be a joke," the bride's father whispered to the guest, and the two of them huddled over the message, which continued ". . . in last night's game . . . in which you pushed Umpire Andy Ol-



sen bodily several times and spit tobacco juice in his face and on his uniform. . . ."

Alas, the telegram was no joke to Cal Ermer, the manager of the Denver Bears of the Pacific Coast League, to whom it was addressed.

UP IN THE AIR

The International Olympic Committee has decided to restrict Olympic competitors to four weeks' altitude training during the three months immediately preceding the 1968 games, unless, of course, they happen to reside at great heights. The reason: to assure equal opportunity for all in Mexico City's 7,800-foot as-

continued

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SCORECARD (continued)

mosphere. To implement this egalitarianism the IOC will allow the Olympic Village to open four weeks ahead of the Games, rather than the customary two.

It is commonly agreed that it takes at least three to four weeks of training at a high altitude for an athlete accustomed to competing in endurance events at sea level to approach his normal performance. It is also reasonable to assume that any benefits derived from high-altitude training in advance would be almost entirely lost during the two months before the Village is opened. This being the case, the IOC hopes that all nations will be satisfied to wait until they get to Mexico before starting any serious altitude work.

But will they? Sir William Osler, the celebrated Canadian physician, once said that the work is "the great equalizer in the world." The Russians are hard at work developing pressure-chamber tests for Olympic candidates to determine their reactions to the atmospheric conditions they will meet in Mexico. The French are building an \$8 million training center high in the Pyrenees.

And what is the U.S. Olympic Committee up to? At its meeting in May the USOC turned down a proposed summer training and research program that would have involved some of this country's leading distance runners and swimmers in an effort to determine the best means of preparing them for Mexico City. The USOC also rejected—on the theory that nothing new could be learned

the idea of sending a U.S. team to the second Little Olympics scheduled for Mexico City next October.

Even if Russia, France and others abide by the IOC's decision, they cannot help but have a leg up. Whereas, in the U.S. it looks less like "Be Prepared," more like "Every man for himself."

THE DISAPPOINTING MR. NAWAB

Were you aware that there is an unofficial world record for nonstop cycling? Mr. Sayed Nawab, 24, an Indian who has an import-export business in Spain, says there is and that he holds it. 6 days 7 hours 28 minutes.

"The first four days are easy," says Mr. Nawab. "I eat, wash, shave and dress on wheels. My feet are never touching the ground." Nawab further claims that in Teheran 300,000 people paid to watch him ride very slowly around a stadium, that in Ethiopia, Emperor

editor/eng

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SCORECARD *continued*

hind the plate, said the game was technically illegal, as he had been unaware of a league rule stating that no inning may begin after 12:50 a.m. However, the league announced that no action will be taken and that the game will stand.

FINAL TEST

Fisherfren can soon purchase, for about \$150, an electric spinning reel called the Old Pal REEL-ELECTRIC 1000, which has three speeds—the highest exceeding that of equivalent hand-cranked reels and power supplied by a rechargeable nickel-cadmium energy cell. Moreover, by skillfully pushing a button an angler will be able to fish with only one hand!

It's a pity the Old Pal cannot as yet be thoroughly tested. Engineers haven't got all the bugs out of the three-speed, electrically powered fish.

ON GLUTTONY

Insurance statisticians are always being quoted as proof that the unappealing old expression about digging your grave with your teeth is in fact accurate: if you eat too much you don't live too long. Now the Florida Game and Freshwater Fish Commission has announced that fish don't get to have any fun either. Commission Biologists William Weggener and James Clugston have determined that largemouth bass in Lake Okeechobee and points south rarely live longer than a year, whereas bass in north Florida waters may reach six years of age. They theorize that with food more plentiful and the feeding season longer in the south, the bass literally eat themselves to death. The moral would seem to be, eschew that second helping of chocolate mousse and lay off that third worm.

THEY SAID IT

- Shelby Metcalf, Texas A&M basketball coach, on next season's prospects: "We'll be small but nobody will notice because we'll overshadow that with our poor shooting and lack of speed and experience."
- John Uelses, first man to pole-vault 16 feet, on his surprise appearance, after a six-month layoff, in a minor AAU meet at Miami: "I've seen the world from the end of a pole. Now I want to see it from the ground. Before I always felt pressure. Today I can vault the way I dreamed, for fun. All I want to do is soar up there and wave at a few friends on the way down."

END



and now...the draft?

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satisfaire.

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Mühe.

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makou.

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משתדלים
יותר

Hebrew

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meglio.

Italian

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頑張ります

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oss ytterligere

Norwegian

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más.

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English

This ad might just ruin our image as the underdog in rent a cars.

But Avis has operations in 38 countries and we can't see keeping it a secret.

No. 2 is still what we are. And No. 1 is still ahead of us. Which means the Simca we rent in Nice has to be as clean as the Plymouth we rent in Newark.

We must say we had some trouble translating our Avis button. The closest the Germans can get to We Try Harder is, "We give of ourselves more effort."

In Italian, it comes out, "We will do more and better."

All of which is close enough to keep our foreign agents on the ball. (Wearing a sign saying that you try harder puts you on the spot to do it.)

If you'd like any of these buttons yourself, drop into an Avis agency. There's no car attached.

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 27, 1966

AT OLYMPIC:



A SUMMIT OF DRAMA

Playing at his swashbuckling best, Arnold Palmer had the U.S. Open all but tucked away—twice. Then disaster struck—twice—and cool Bill Casper swept up the pieces in a topsy-turvy playoff round **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

The 85th hole is a long time to wait to get the lead in a 72-hole golf tournament, but Bill Casper can be a very patient man. By going his patient way at San Francisco's Olympic Country Club this week he defeated that catelyst with legs, Arnold Palmer, in a stunning U.S. Open. It was an Open that for three days pitted two of golf's most contrasting styles against each other at a time when each was displaying his characteristics to the fullest. Palmer flashed a return to the dramatic heights of his heyday, capping three and a half rounds of masterful golf with one of the most disastrous collapses in the history of the 66-year-old tournament. In the last nine holes on Sunday he blew a seven-stroke lead, and nothing quite so shocking has happened since—coincidence. Palmer came from seven strokes behind to win the 1960 U.S. Open. His last-hour unhieros dropped him into a tie with Casper at 278 and led to Monday's playoff, which was a repeat in miniature of what had gone before. Again Palmer dashed to the front, his Army bellowing behind him, and again he faltered. On the 13th hole Casper took the lead. By the time the pair had reached the 18th green the U.S. Open was a rout. Palmer had lost his third Open playoff in five years, and Buffalo Bill Casper (see cover), the steady man with the wild diet, was the new champion, winning by four strokes, 69 to 73.

Two small statistics reveal the strength of Casper's performance. There were

only 15 subpar scores in the entire Open and Casper had four of them in the rounds he played—69, 68, 73, 68 and the playoff 69. He one-putted 33 greens and did not three-putt a green until the ninth hole of the playoff. And he calmly played his own game, no matter how bad things looked. A subdued and shaken Palmer, sitting in front of his locker after Sunday's calamity, said, "It's hard to believe." By Monday night it was even harder to believe. In fact, who could?

That there was a playoff at all must go down as one of the great debacles of modern times, comparable to the Italian retreat at Caporetto, the Edsel car and Liz Taylor's *Cleopatra*. As late as 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, this was Arnold Palmer's Open. He had shot a 71 on the first day to put himself in a good position, and he had looked very strong doing it. Thus a near flawless 66 on Friday, which tied Casper for the lead, was no great surprise. The third day he played the first 11 holes the same way and came in with an even-par 70. On Sunday he finished the first nine holes in 32—three under par and seven strokes ahead of Casper. All had to the return of the invincible Palmer. The rest should have been a mere formality. But...

Maybe it would be better to start at the beginning. Believe it or not, this 1966 Open was all hearts and flowers as it got underway at 7:30 Thursday morning. A wispy San Francisco fog rolled across the Olympic Country Club's Lake Course and put just the kind of

continued

Wary and dejected after seven-stroke lead dissolved, Palmer trudges off course on Sunday as Casper, on the 18th green, hands his caddy the putter that had carried him into the playoff.

chill in the air that makes you want to get out and exercise. The only person who seemed to resent it was Ken Venturi, the home-town favorite, who sniffed the breeze and announced that the temperature was 60°. He could tell by his hands. "Over 65 they're all right," he said. "Under 65 I have trouble gripping the club." He was playing in a sentiment-inspiring grouping with Ben Hogan. They were the first crowd-drawing names to tee off, and their breath made clouds, like that of skiers in the Sierras.

The conditions at Olympic were just about perfect for an examination to determine the national champion of 1966. The length of the course—6,719 yards—was reasonable for any of the 133 professionals and 18 amateurs who had been competent enough to be admitted to the

tournament. The fairways were narrow, some 35 to 45 yards wide at the target areas, but an Open champion is supposed to be able to hit the ball straight. The four-inch rough was gummy enough to penalize an errant shot, as well it should, but it was not the knee-high pasture that had made the 1955 Open on this same course so infamous. "Olympic is one of the best," said Jack Nicklaus. Palmer put it another way: "If you keep the ball in play, you can shoot about anything. If you hit it in the rough, you are lucky to break 80."

A man named Al Mengert went out that first day, kept the ball in the fairway and shot a 67 to lead the field. An Al Mengert always leads the Open on the first day. Among the annual charms of the tournament are those brief moments

of glory that come to some obscure and thoroughly likable athlete. A brilliant sun shines down on the Mengerts, and everyone rushes around in search of their personal statistics. (Mengert is a 37-year-old former touring pro who is now head pro at Tacoma Golf and Country Club.) But their dreams disappear in a nightmare of bogeys. Mengert's succeeding rounds were 73, 71 and 81.

Gene Littler was second with a 68, and Bill Casper was all alone at 69. In March Casper had taken off several weeks to tour Vietnam and hit golf halls in the general direction of the Viet Cong, to the delight of the troops. He had not been seen at a golf tournament for the past month. Although Olympic was regarded as the kind of course that would yield to Casper's wonderfully intelligent strokes and his ability to "move the ball," as the pros put it, there was some question about whether he would be sharp. Bill himself had no such fears. "I'm hitting the ball as well as I ever have," he confided early in the week. "I feel real good. I guess it's just a matter of whether I can sink some putts." He had seven one-putt greens this day. Asked when he had last putted so well in a big championship he offered an interesting answer: "Winged Foot in '59." That was where he won his last major title—the U.S. Open.

There was a quartet at 70, among them John Miller, who could make a Mengert seem famous. A 19-year-old Olympic member, he had signed up to caddie in the Open, but then qualified to play in it and eventually finished tied for eighth.

And where were Palmer, Nicklaus and defending champion Gary Player? All were well in it but Player, who seemed to have early inklings that he was about to lose his grip on the title he had won last year at Belleve. The once confident Gary is gone. "I just haven't been playing enough golf," he announced before the tournament even began. "I don't have the desire I had last year. I haven't played a tournament since the Memphis Open, and the less you play the less you care." As if to prove it, Player three-putted everywhere and shot 78.

Palmer and Nicklaus were at 71. Before the Open, people would say that Olympic was a Hogan-type course or a Casper-type course, but then they would always add that it was a Nicklaus-type course, too, because there is no course



Thanks to nine birdies—but not this one—Rives McBee ties an open record with a 64.



Down goes the ball and up go the arms as Casper sinks a bunker shot for a birdie on Friday.

from St. Andrews to Kuala Lumpur which, of itself, can thwart Jack's extraordinary combination of power, delicacy and golfing sense. The opening 71 pleased Nicklaus, and he learned a few things in the process, such as finally concluding he should use a three-wood more often on his tee shots.

But the 1966 Open was somehow a Palmer story from the moment Arnold teed off on Thursday. You have to be gentle with an Open course? Wham! zap! zowie! went Palmer. On the very first hole, a tight 536-yard par-5, he smashed a wood at the green on his second shot, trying to muscle his way there in two when almost everybody else had laid up short. He landed hole-high in the rough, flew a wedge all the way into the rough on the other side of the green, hit an indelible wedge back and two-putted for a bogey. There are those who contend that Palmer is the worst wedge player among the top pros, and it is getting hard to argue with them.

Palmer had decided he could trample on Olympic, and he was not going to change his mind now, for there was something different about him this week. For the first time since the 1964 Masters he looked truly eager to play the game with the distinctive relish that only he seems to bring to it. Perhaps it was nothing more than the way his orange sweater burst its way through Olympic's fog. But something was up. He hit stiff to the pin on the 2nd hole for a birdie. Then a bogey on 3, a salvaged par on 4, and into the trees for a nerve-racking bogey on 6. Already three bogeys, and his tournament was scarcely an hour old. Finally, after a double-bogey 6 at the 9th hole—caused in part by a bad fairway lie—for an outgoing 38, everything fell into place. Birdies came at 11 and 13, a 12-foot putt saved a par at the 14th and he came in with his 71.

The promise seen in Palmer's Thursday performance was delivered on Friday morning when he shot a 66. He hit only two bad shots. He missed putts of less than three feet on the final two greens, or he would have had a 64. It took the Palmer threesome only three and a half hours to get around the course, prompting Arnold to call it "one of the most pleasurable rounds I've played in the last five years." He also said it would "have to be one of the best rounds I ever played."

It was not, however, the best round

played on Friday. That distinction belonged to one Rives Russell McBee, a 27-year-old assistant pro from the Midland Country Club in west Texas. Shooting nine birdies, three bogeys and six pars, McBee tied the one-round record for the Open—64.

On almost any day of any Open, McBee's 64 and Palmer's 66 would have been sufficient to attract all the attention. But on this day, they had to share the excitement with Jack Nicklaus' temper, a part of his personality that has rarely, if ever, been on public display before. Late in the afternoon, after Jack had brought in his second consecutive 71, he arrived at the press tent with his hackles up. "I don't think I have ever been so mad on a golf course before," he said, his voice about an octave above

its normal pitch. His fury was directed at USGA officials who had been badgering his threesome, which included Tony Lema and Bruce Devlin, to get moving.

Before the tournament started, the USGA announced that in the interest of speeding up play it would assess a two-stroke penalty for slowness.

During the first few holes of their round, Jack and his partners had been forced to wait on the players in front of them. But by the time the Nicklaus group completed the 6th hole, some space had opened up. A USGA official appeared and told them they would have to speed up. Nicklaus got angry, and four straight bogeys followed. "Golf is a very difficult game, and you have to maintain your tempo," he said later. "If you get off your tempo trying to rush, it

continued



Nicklaus plays his game, closely shadowed by a clock-watching vice-president of the USGA.

makes it that much harder. I think the game is a little slow and should be speeded up, but to have someone on your back for 18 holes is too much."

Nicklaus was referring to the various USGA officials who took turns following him and his group around the course after the first warning. He called them a "police force." Lema and Devlin were equally annoyed, but Jack did the talking for them.

Before Saturday's round began, the air was cleared somewhat when the USGA explained to Nicklaus that he was not the prime offender. Still, an important point had been made, and golf should be the better for it. Nicklaus' controversial round had been completed in four hours and 22 minutes, more than an hour faster than the corresponding rounds in last year's Open, where play was so slow that the game was being ruined.

As Saturday dawned, Palmer shared a three-stroke lead with Casper, who had turned in a scrambling 68 on Friday to go with his opening 69. Palmer and Casper, the leaders, brought up the rear of the field, which was playing for the first time under a cloudless sky. They gathered most of the gallery and proceeded to show it what Casper later de-

scribed rather whimsically as "a very exciting round." After digging his way out of the rough seven times and out of traps on three other occasions, Casper considered himself lucky to get away with a 73. "After the way I played today," he said, "I'm just happy to be playing tomorrow."

On the other hand, Palmer continued to play like an Olympian. By the time he reached the 12th tee he was one under par, had a three-stroke lead and looked uncatchable. Since the end of the first nine on Thursday he had played 38 holes on a tight U.S. Open course in seven under par. Then on 12 there came a hint of trouble as he sliced a tee shot wildly into the trees and ended up with a double-hogey. He took a hogey at the 13th before closing out the day with a couple of birdies and a 70 that was good for a three-stroke lead. Casper had slipped to even-par 210, and Nicklaus was a stroke behind at 211.

Whatever hope Nicklaus had vanished soon after Palmer and Casper were underway—together again—on Sunday afternoon. On the first hole Palmer made it abundantly clear he had no intention of cosetting his lead. He hit an enormous drive to the center of the narrow fairway, and with the gallery egging him

on pulled out a wood and went for the green. It was a perfect shot, flying in a glorious arc to the front of the green and rolling to within 20 feet of the hole. Palmer just barely missed his putt for an eagle 3 and tapped in for the birdie. He birdied the 2nd hole with a nine-foot putt and reached the turn in 32.

At this point Palmer stood six under par for the tournament and was playing the finest golf of his career. Casper was seven strokes to the rear, while Nicklaus and Lema, the next closest, were nine back. All Palmer had to do was shoot even par for the remaining nine holes for a 274, which would have broken Ben Hogan's Open record by two strokes. Unfortunately, this very thought entered Palmer's mind and refused to depart. He forgot about winning the Open.

On 10, for the umpteenth time in the tournament, Arnold hit an indifferent chip shot, leaving it well short of the hole. He missed the putt. Bogey. At 11 a lovely pitch shot saved a par. Nothing to worry about. When he birdied 12 the gallery reached for its transistor radios to see how the Giants were doing against Osteen in L.A. That, at least, might be exciting.

At the short 13th, Palmer pulled a four-iron to the left. Eleven-year-old

On Sunday a dismayed Palmer rubbed this shot from the rough on the 16th hole. Jack a bogey and saw his lead drop to one stroke.



Billy Casper, who was walking along with his mother, jumped up and down with joy when he saw the shot. "It's in the trap, it's in the trap," he cried.

"Hush, Billy," Shirley Casper scolded. "There's one thing about children," she smiled, slightly embarrassed. "They're uninhibited."

A bogey cut the lead to five. Ho hum.

As the par-3 15th, Palmer made what turned out to be his most serious mistake. This was the time to hit for the middle of the green and settle for a par, but that is not the Palmer method. He went for the pin and ended in a big bunker to the right of the green. Palmer blasted out eight feet past the hole, and it was here that Casper sank his first really long putt, a 20-footer for a 2. Palmer took a 4. Now the lead was down to three strokes. Ho, but not hum.

The 16th hole is a terribly long, crescent-shaped par-5 of 664 yards. No one in the Open came anywhere close to reaching it in two shots, so it is not a place to get rambunctious. But Palmer tried to hit a huge drive. Instead he hooked the ball into a tree and landed in the deep rough about 150 yards from the tee. He attempted to get out with a three-iron and barely got the ball airborne. It stopped about 100 yards farther

on, still in the deep rough. He slashed out of there with a nine-iron, and a spoon shot caught a bunker. He now lay four with a double-bogey 7 staring him in the face. The situation was particularly critical, since Casper, playing flawless if conservative golf, had left himself only a 15-foot birdie putt. Arnold rose to the occasion with a blast from the sand that stopped four feet from the hole, and he sank it for what he later half-jokingly called "the best 6 I ever made in my life." But Casper got his birdie. Now he was only one stroke away.

Neither drove the 17th well. Casper pushed his shot far to the right, and Palmer pulled his into deep rough on the left. Their second shots almost formed an X, Palmer's entering the right rough and Casper's the left, a foot short of the bunker in front of the green. Palmer now hit another fine recovery shot, this one seven feet from the hole. But at this crucial point he left his uphill putt just short, and Casper sank a three-footer for his par. In three holes, Casper had erased a five-stroke deficit with fine putts under the most intense pressure an athlete can face.

On the final hole Palmer again drove into the left rough but saved his par

with yet another good recovery and two downhill putts from 30 feet away. Casper's par was considerably more routine, but good enough to get him into a playoff that just could not *could not*—have happened.

There are those who tend to make light of the new Bill Casper and his unusual anti-allergy diet of buffalo and bear and elk meat. They talk as if he were some kind of a nut or crank. They do not realize, perhaps, that Casper is a man of extraordinary character. His stern regimen has done a great deal more than cut his weight by 50 pounds. It has taught him self-discipline and given him the kind of stamina and peace of mind that made it possible for him to keep hold of himself through the awful and oppressive and triumphant moments of the most testing week of his professional golf career. Nobody will underrate Buffalo Bill again.

And there are those who tend to think that Palmer can no longer rise to the emotional heights he once reached easily. That at 36 the Palmer verve has ebbed and the assurance vanished. That Palmer and middle age have proved incompatible. In spite of his defeat, the 1966 Open showed that Arnold Palmer can still set a tournament on fire. **END**

Minutes later on the 17th Palmer left his uphill seven-footer short, got another bogey and lost the last stroke of his once-swooping lead.



A GLORIOUS FESTIVAL OF FORDS

By sweeping the first three places the sumptuously financed Americans ended Ferrari's long domination of Europe's foremost automobile race, but true to Le Mans tradition there was a brouhaha at the finish **by JOHN LOVESEY**

Winning the 24-hour race at Le Mans takes a neat combination of money, experience, skill and what a Frenchman might best express with a wave of the hand. Implicit in the wave would be everything that makes motor racing as much an art as a science. This week in France the combination belonged, overwhelmingly, to Henry Ford II. Ford had spent millions of dollars, sent tons of equipment, assembled more than 100 support men and had come along himself to taste the first American victory in the history of the race.

And sweet it was as three Ford GT Mark IIs—dubbed “Les Monstres” in the Paris press for their heli and outerspoor looks—paraded down the rain-scattered homestretch Sunday afternoon and across the finish line to take the top three places. First across was the car of American Ken Miles (co-winner at Daytona and Sebring) and New Zealander Dennis Hulme, but the Le Mans officials declared New Zealand's Bruce McLaren and Chris Amon the winners on a technicality.

In any case Henry Ford had the victory he had been counting on, and in winning had blasted loose Enzo Ferrari's grip on the event (nine victories since the war, including the last six in a row). Ferrari was outnumbered by Ford eight to three in cars that had some chance of victory, and though two of the vivid red Italian racers were running one-two briefly at the one-quarter mark, they all expired from mechanical ailments within 17 hours. Behind the Fords at the finish came four Porsches from Germany—small-engined cars lacking the zip of the big ones but traditionally up near the top on brilliant cornering and durability.

Henry Ford moved into a local chateau early in the week, and as his troops

deployed, Le Mans saw more Americans than at any time since the cleanup of German soldiers in World War II. This year's Ford planning was far tighter and slicker than in the company's two previous assaults. Team Managers Carroll Shelby, John Holman and Britain's Alan Mann were under the command of Racing Manager John Cowley. This was in sharp contrast to 1965, when so many people seemed to be calling the shots that Ford looked as if it were going down under its own fire. None of the big Fords finished.

This year, said Leo Beebe, executive director of the Ford racing operations, there would be no confusion. Beebe, a former basketball captain at Michigan, explained further that Ford “would play man to man up front to draw out the Ferraris, and employ a zone defense in the back.”

The scheme seemed sound, but as race day approached Ford was becoming hard-pressed for drivers. Of those originally hired, Walt Hansgen had been killed in the early trials. Then Lloyd Ruby was injured in a plane crash and A. J. Foyt was burned while practicing for a Milwaukee race. Next, Scotland's Jackie Stewart was hurt in the Belgian Grand Prix.

Ford still had drivers of the caliber of Dan Gurney and Graham Hill, the Indianapolis 500 champion, but for some newcomers on the team, traveling at speeds over 200 mph on the long Le Mans straights was a fresh and tricky experience. “These speeds are ahead of human thought,” said Ford's Frank Gardner, of Australia, driving as partner with the English baronet, Sir John Whitmore.

Ford lost still another driver in a dispute arising from a collision in practice between the Mark II of Dick Thompson, a Washington dentist and veteran racing man, and a slower Ford entered by Bill McKelvy, a Pittsburgh stockbroker. Thompson was disqualified for not reporting the accident and was replaced by Australian Brian Muir.

But through the week the Ford cars themselves were an impressive constant. Much improved since last year, they slashed seconds off Phil Hill's practice-lap record of 3 minutes 33 seconds (set



Powering through a turn, the McLaren-Amon Ford heads toward victory—and confusion.

last year in a Ford). "These cars are the most stable things I've ever driven on the straight," said Whitmore. The speed was there, and the victories at Daytona and Sebring had proved the cars could go a distance.

Meanwhile a storm blew up in the bicycle-shop atmosphere of the Ferrari camp. Britain's John Surtees, the ace of the team, had been saying the Fords should present no problem, "providing we don't get into a panic." Although the 4-liter Ferraris developed only 405 horsepower compared with the 475 of the huge 7-liter Fords, Surtees felt the Italian cars could make up for that deficiency in lightness and road-holding. But when Team Manager Eugenio Dragoni told Surtees that a third driver, Italy's Ludovico Scarfiotti, was joining him and Englishman Mike Parkes as co-driver of his car, Surtees rebelled. Dragoni said that he was concerned over the injuries Surtees had suffered last year in a crash in Canada, but Surtees took this as an affront to himself and his nationality and blazed off to see Enzo Ferrari in Italy. He did not come back.

At 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon 55

drivers ran to their cars in the time-honored Le Mans start, sparked their engines and set off in a crescendo of sound. Then there was silence as the crowd of more than 250,000 people waited for the machines to complete the first 8.36-mile lap and rush through the grandstand area. When they arrived, the leaders were three of those American "monsters," foreshadowing the finish.

Rain fell spasmodically, taking the drivers by surprise, and at times the asphalt road was as slippery as ice. The contending Ferraris disappeared one by one, but Ford was not without its own moments of distress. Among the 26 cars that were sidelined before midnight were four of the factory Mark IIs.

At midnight Fords held positions one to six and also eight, the first four being the factory machines. The Mark IIs held the front four positions until nearly the 18th hour, relinquishing only one when the Dan Gurney-Jerry Grant car retired because of overheating. By then, the Ferrari factory cars were all gone.

The car driven by Miles and Hulme led more of the race than any of the other Fords, and Miles himself exceeded the

1965 race lap record five times during the 24 hours. It was therefore ironic that the Ford pit, in arranging for the Miles-Hulme Ford to finish in a dead heat with the one driven by McLaren and Amon, unwittingly presented victory to the less deserting pair. The two cars finished about level across the line, but there is a rule. Le Mans has more rules than a girls' boarding school—that in such circumstances the car starting farther from the line is the winner. The McLaren-Amon car had started farther away.

After McLaren and Amon were congratulated by Henry Ford and presented with bouquets and magnums of champagne, there was time for an inquest of sorts. Although Winner McLaren said it had been "a copybook race," he claimed he felt sick at the result. Swallowing his disappointment, Ken Miles gallantly said, "It was supposed to be a dead heat, but a rule is a rule and there is nothing you can do about it." Moments later the atmosphere brightened when fellow New Zealander Hulme slapped McLaren on the back, exclaiming, "You beauty, good on you, mate!" It had been a beautiful weekend for Fords and Kiwis. **END**



ME TO GO



THE WAR BETWEEN TWO STATES

Basketball is an all-season sport in Kentucky and Indiana, where high school All-Stars meet each June in two games that draw huge crowds. This year's first meeting produced a whopper of an upset **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The All-Star game rosters were printed on red cardboard on the end of little sticks last year because the temperature in Indianapolis was almost 100° and fans are cheaper than air conditioning. Nobody was heard to yell, "You can't tell the players without a fan," and it wasn't quite that hot in Louisville last week, but basketball rosters on cardboard fans tell what the game means in the states of Kentucky and Indiana. Basketball in June, yet.

Saturday it was in the high 80s outside Louisville's Freedom Hall and that night 16,800 were inside watching the high school All-Stars from the two states playing against each other. This was the first 1966 game of a series that has been running for 26 years. The second game, in Indianapolis next week, has been sold out for two months. Unlike fast horses in Kentucky, or fast cars in Indiana, basketball has never been a sometime thing in this area. The Graustarks may come, the Mario Andrettis may go, but people in Louisville and Indianapolis each summer show which of their loves is here to stay.

Two days before Kentucky's All-Stars shocked Indiana's 104-77 (and never mind, all you Californians and Ohioans and New Yorkers, this was the first match for this year's high school championship of the world), four white convertibles roared down Interstate 65 from Indianapolis toward Louisville. In one dozed Marvin Winkler, 6 feet 1, wearing black shades and a red shirt with "Indiana All-Stars" in white letters. Later Winkler captivated several other shades and red shirts with his description of what happened. "Man, I am there in the back seat sleepin'," said Marvin. "You know,

just drowsin', and I feel this sort of zig zag [Marvin gives everybody a shoulder weave and a wink.] Man, I start. We are swerin' off the road! I mean the road is on the left, and we are gon' off on the right. I mean I really start. I am awake now, and I look over and whoa, whoa, my man at the wheel—he is startin', too. My man at the wheel—can you believe this—he's been sleepin' like me!"

Marvin Winkler's man at the wheel was the coach of the Indiana All-Stars, Cleon Reynolds, who says Marvin can "stand out there and shoot with anybody." Reynolds isn't talking about high school kids. He means anybody Marvin can also break off his wit quicker than most, and his demonstration of the uneasy moment on Interstate 65, with the accompanying hand movements and then group mirth, was as close an approach to seriousness as the Indiana team was to make during its stay in Louisville.

"We're here to have fun, that's what this is all about," said Reynolds. "We want to win this game—both of the games—but we aren't going to have any drudgery about it. Winkler, you might say, helps in this respect."

You might say that. And you might say that Reynolds, who somehow manages to look like a distinguished country club president and an elf at the same time, also helps in this respect. "This group," said Major Schnieders, the young trainer who is constantly ragged as to whether his name isn't really Schnieders Major, "is a bunch of nuts."

It was generally assumed that this Indiana team was the best the state had produced for the All-Star series since

1956, when Oscar Robertson scored 75 points as Indiana won twice. It was also said that the Hoosiers were the best shooting team ever, and anyone who coached them and failed to improve upon Indiana's 23-12 lead in the series might just be the worst coach in the state.

Besides Rick Mount, the 6-foot-3 guard from Lebanon (SI, Feb. 14) whose legendary exploits were swamping Ronald Reagan in local newspaper columns, Indiana was crammed with talent. There were 7-foot Chuck Davis, Mike Noland, a 6-foot-6 forward who shot 53% from the floor in his senior year, 6-foot-4 Mike Niles, who shot 56%. Winkler, who broke Robertson's Indianapolis city season scoring record, Ken Johnson, a 6-foot-6 rebounder and Steve Norris, Steve is 5 feet 8, which is 11½ inches less than what he has high jumped. Even the short guys on Indiana were tall.

"I know what we have," said Reynolds, who in his 33rd year of coaching—he is now at Marian College—was a rookie in the All-Star series. "But we don't have enough time to work. They say this team can't be beaten. That's why we're in trouble. We have too many shooters."

Before he met his team in Indianapolis 10 days prior to the game, Cleon had heard about the players' shooting ability. It was another thing to see it. "Why, they come across that mulline and the ball is in the air!" he said. "Somebody asked me, where does Mount shoot from. I'm trying to figure out where he doesn't shoot from. Everybody—they go right to the ball like a magnet. It's 'gimme it, gimme it' all the time. They're looking to shoot from 30-35 feet. You think these guys ever heard

continued

With one hand, Kentucky's Mike Casey controls rebound despite efforts of Indiana's Ray Kuhlmeier. Casey was the high scorer with 22 points.

of assists? I thought—uh-oh, we may be the first team in history to go through a game without a pass."

Joe Reibel, a crew-cut 28-year-old who looked like one of his players' kid brother, coached the Kentucky team, and his problem was similar. He has built an impressive record at St. Xavier's High in Louisville, has been associated with this series for three years and in 1965, as head coach, beat Indiana twice. Rewarded with a return invitation from the Lions Club (which sponsors the games for charity), Joe felt things would not be as easy as last year.

"I had a couple of boys then that I coached during the year," he said. "They helped a lot in keeping this team close. We aren't as close this year. We also aren't as balanced, nor as tall. And we know why all these advance tickets have been sold, too."

Much of the early sale for both games was a tribute to the accomplishments of Mount, who, because of appearance and

manner as well as ability, is plainly destined to become more than just a provincial idol. His horizons of glorification, indeed, seem limitless. There are singers and there is Frank Sinatra. Rick Mount's style is such that you would pick him out from among a group of guys horsing around or just standing there and say: "That one, that's the star," no matter in what particular capacity you might be wanting a star. Mount had been involved in a motorcycle accident a few weeks earlier, had scratched himself up and was off in his shooting (7 for 26 attempts) in Indiana's big pregame scrimmage. But Kentucky's Joe Reibel was plainly worried about him.

"I know they're big and they have the great shooters," Reibel said. "But Mount is the difference. We can't let him have his 25 without a struggle. We've been talking about him. We're anxious to see what we can do against him."

The anxiety was increased by the fact that nobody associated with the Ken-

tucky team had seen much of Mount except Tyrone Bedford, the 6-foot-4 center who was up for a look at Purdue the same time Rick was. "But I didn't even see him work out," said Tyrone. "I just met him. He's a nice guy. But we're enemies this week."

Kentucky's No. 1 man, 6-foot-4 Mike Casey, and Guard Bill Busey, who together led Shelby County to the state championship and will both attend the University of Kentucky next year, had never seen Mount. Neither had forwards Ron Gathright and Toke Coleman, both headed for the University of Louisville. Reibel hadn't even seen films of him. But he'd heard the talk. The talk was getting to Gene Smith, 6 feet 1½, the floor leader of the host team and the man who was to guard Rick.

"We hear so much about Mr. Mount," Eugene said at practice one day. "I know he can shoot. But I want to find out if that cat can take care of the ball. If he can take care of that ball as well as he can shoot, then my hat is off to the gentleman. But I want to see."

Casey and Busey had played a total of 24 innings of baseball in the state tournament on the second day of All-Star practice, but that was the only departure from Reibel's plan of preparation for the game. He had an exceptionally quick and fast group, one that seemed capable of being easily molded into a smooth-functioning unit.

Reibel's schedule was as carefully regimented as is feasible with high school kids, what with training-table meals and disciplined patterns in practice. In contrast, Indiana's preparation appeared pleasantly haphazard. The team's meals, before the arrival in Louisville, were eaten in a different Indianapolis restaurant each time. And the players trooped into the dining rooms of the Executive Inn at Louisville just like any bunch of way-layers. Early along in the practice sessions, in fact, Cleon Reynolds had wondered about the diets of teen-agers. "You talk about regimen," he said. "This little kid Norris—you won't believe this—goes in to breakfast and has six eggs, 12 strips of bacon, a big orange juice, toast and then an order of pancakes on the side. This kid is 5 feet 8. Then big Davis walks in one day and says he's not too hungry. All he orders is two enormous shrimp salads, a ham sandwich and, get this, 12 of those big double glasses of Coke, orange, grape, all that soda. That's about

continued



Top draw this year was Indiana's Rick Mount. One of his fans even brought along a portrait

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a gallon of soda, isn't it? This is a mark for him. Well, it was getting ridiculous. Those kids in training were getting *fat*. I called them in, and we had an understanding about that."

Still, Reynolds' chief concern was with defense ("God knows who plays defense on this team," he said) and working together. At the same time practice sessions in Louisville were devoted almost solely to shooting, making it difficult to fathom how the Indiana problem was being solved. Happiness is a jump shot, O.K., and the team that is happy together plays together. But in practice, *everyone* gets a hall to play with. In a game there is only one ball.

Reynolds kept up a running banter with Winkler and Mike Price, another Indianapolis boy who bears a strong resemblance to Robertson. Price can do everything with a ball around the basket except feed off, and he may break up many games for the University of Illinois in the future. But his forte is the verbal jab or, as Reynolds calls it, "bad-mouthing."

Each player had a number that reflected his rank in the sportswriters' voting for the team. Mount, for instance, was No. 1. Reynolds escalated the numbers of Winkler and Price each time he got any back talk—which was all the time. "I'll add any more numbers, they won't get in the gym," he said at one practice.

"My number is currently about 805," said Winkler.

Occasionally Winkler and Price would be aided by little O'Neil Simmons, 5 feet 9 and fast, and practice would become a circus. Winkler called Simmons "Bullet Head"—"Well, look at his head!"—and Simmons called Winkler "Pickle Nose" because Marv was always eating pickles. All the while they would be shooting that ball. The people at Southwestern Louisiana, where Pickle Nose says he is going to college, should be prepared to see that ball going in.

"Yeah, Coach told us we've got to pass or we don't win," said Winkler one day. "He says play as a team. That's the best way, I guess. But I'd shoot all day if they let me. Let's face it, man. On this team, the first man to see daylight fires."

So much for Indiana's regimens. And, unfortunately, so much for Indiana's performance Saturday night. Reynolds' worst fears were all borne out as his

Hoosier team was nearly run off the court in the middle of the first half. It never got back in the game.

Kentucky's Casey, a fluid and elusive forward who will be an All-America for Adolph Rupp, got away for eight of his team's first 10 points by breaking off simple picks from 15 feet out. Then the rest of the Kentucky team started doing the same thing, working Reibel's offense perfectly, and Indiana became flustered and ultimately panicky. Smith, Gathright and a few other Kentuckians were also defending better than expected, and the Indiana players were not helping each other. Kentucky's speed and group anticipation were too much.

Kentucky went from an 18-15 lead to 29-16 by hitting that man off the pick with ridiculous ease and hurrying Indiana's shooters. Mount, meanwhile, was not getting the ball enough, due mostly to Smith's defense but partly to head-down play by his teammates. At one point Mike Noland unconsciously set a screen directly in front of Rick, then turned and shot himself from 25 feet. The ball went in, but most of the 3,000 Mount fans down from Lebanon were furious. "Go back to Indianapolis, Noland, where you belong," one yelled.

Mount hit five of seven in the first half, but that didn't help much. Kentucky led 52-35 (Casey getting 18) at intermission and had committed only four errors to Indiana's 16. The host team also had taken 17 more shots, though it had only five more rebounds. "I told you you were not a defensive team," said Reynolds in the dressing room, "and you sure have proved it."

Indiana found a relatively successful unit in the second half, consisting of Mount, Bavis, Winkler, Price and Johnson, but this was not a defensive team either. Rick was off early in the period, then stopped shooting. But Marvelous Marv hit three long one-handers in a row, surely making his trip worthwhile. He had found daylight.

Casey was high man with 23 as Kentucky broke the team scoring record for the series. But it was Kentucky's defense that won the game.

Cleon Reynolds says there will be a few changes before the game in Indianapolis. A training table, for one thing. And if the weather for that game turns out to be no warmer than it was outside Freedom Hall, the action certainly promises to be.

END



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A TEAM THAT CAN MAKE A MAN CRY

Manager Wes Westrum knows that his Mets try—oh, how they try—but their frustrating blend of promise (right) and ineptitude, on the bases and off, sometimes moves him close to tears **by JACK MANN**

He was a big pitcher with a fat earned run average and a bad mouth and he had been at the bar too long, which in his case was about 20 minutes. He had just delivered his best pitch to a lady sitting between two large gentlemen who were going to turn out to be plainclothes cops, and they were taking the floor to question his choice of words.

Suddenly the pitcher seemed to glide offstage, jerkily, like a marionette. Wesley Norren Westrum, whose cerebral replay of the day's defeat had been interrupted by the noise, had taken him in a bear hug from behind, and the pitcher's feet didn't touch again until they hit the

sidewalk outside. Baseball has seen many men strong enough to transport 220-pound pitchers. But through a revolving door?

In the years when Wes Westrum was catching and then coaching with the Giants he often allowed his valor to be the better part of discretion. During the Giants' miracle drive of 1951 he hit home runs with mashed fingers and caught doubleheaders with yards of tape corseting his cracked ribs. But a .217 hitter does not become a 10-year man without being tough, and mere pain did not bring tears to Westrum's eyes.

Managing the New York Mets does.

You can't often see them. You hear them in his voice as he talks of what might have been in the new kind of defeat being suffered by the new kind of Mets. They are "in" the game these days, the two-touchdown humiliations behind them. They are usually close enough to victory in the late innings so that the line drive that is caught, or the ground ball that isn't, matters painfully much. The players hear the quaver in Westrum's voice in clubhouse meetings as he persuades them that they are professionals and that they don't have to do those amateurish things that bring tears to a tough manager's larynx. They still find

continued



that hard to believe, but they try. They know the emotion Westrum's voice betrays is not weakness but the fervor of a competitor. "He's a tough man to manage against," says Phillies Manager Gene Mauch. "He won't give in." So the players can't.

If Westrum pretends to keep his head when all about him are running the bases as if they had lost theirs, it would be cruel to ram on his charade. Whether they actually buy Westrum's Couesins or not doesn't matter; the posture has given them a measure of what they most despotically want, dignity.

"We're sick and tired of everything being so goddam funny," says Pitcher Jack Fisher, who lost 24 games last year. Fisher reads the standings and does not see that the Mets are in ninth place. "We're only seven games under .500," he said at one point. "Sure, I think we can get there. Why can't we?" Well, because it strains the memory to recall a big-league pitching staff more woefully undermanned than the Mets' was as the doubleheader season began. Because the never-say-die rallies kept being killed by *Kamukwa* base running. Because after a couple of losing series the Mets were 12 games under .500. At a time when Major Houk's Charismatic Flour was indicated, the medicine chest was bare.

Well into June the front office woke up and smelled the smoke. They got Bob Shaw from the Giants and Bob Friend from the Yankees. They called up Pitcher Dick Rustick, who wasn't good enough to make the staff in spring training. To make room they "outrighted"—i.e., gave away—left-hander Gordon Richardson to Jacksonville. But, had Richardson stayed, he would have started the next night, because Westrum's finger had been pointing his way when he got to "moe."

Still, there is fire in the ashes. There is even pride. "I'm glad I'm a Met," says Ron Hunt, the all-ballplayer second baseman who is a throwback to pre-pension, gashouse days. Hunt will break up a second baseman to break up a double play ("anything is legitimate as long as you don't use your spikes") and expects the same in return. Hunt can swagger on the way back to the dugout after a strikeout, and there is arrogance in the way he takes a 3-0 pitch. "I'm going to play in a World Series with this club," he says. "Having everybody laugh at us was a pain in the butt, but that's over now."

The Mets are too old to laugh, but it doesn't hurt enough—yet—to cry. It seemed in spring training that Westrum might be funnier by accident than Casey Stengel was on purpose. Wes promulgated a "positive thinking" program that promised to be a real knee-slapper to a troop of Hessians who had lost 452 games in four years. But Casey's Amazon's became Westrum's Batmen in Florida. "We lost momentum when it rained those first three days of the season in Cincinnati," Hunt says. "If we'd gone right from spring training into the season, it might have been different."

Westrum did not lose momentum. The clichés flew but the laughs subsided. There were smirks from the SRO gathering of newspapermen in his office when he referred to "guilty culprits" after a brush-back incident with the Phils. Wes explained his retaliation thus: "It's all for one and one for all." Well, 23 skiddos, but there were no laughs from the people in the sweatshirts. Bob Buhl of Philadelphia had hit Dick Selma on his pitching arm, so when Buhl came to bat he had to be drilled on the tailbone. Don't tread on us. It was, Buhl agreed, a highly professional way to look at the matter.

The Spirit of Florida had caught on. *Esprit de corps* on a team like the Mets requires a tolerance that passes all understanding, but whether because of Westrum or in spite of him they have it. There was the night Dick Stuart, who was still a Met first baseman then, mangled a grounder into submission and then conducted a 360° search for the ball while the decisive run scored. The next day, in an element-by-element appraisal of the team, Fisher made only this reference to Stuart: "For the first time we have a legitimate home-run hitter."

One night Center Fielder Cleon Jones ran into an out in a pointless dash to third base. The next night, with two out in the ninth, Johnny Lewis wheeled around third in a mad dash for one run when two were needed; Third Base Coach Whitney Herzog had to use every desecrated short of tackling him. Billy Murphy, who ought to be learning to play at Jacksonville, killed two rallies as a pinch runner. Ron Swoboda, benched for not running fast enough, rumbled into third and found Stuart waiting for him. Ed Kranepool, carrying a tying run, took a pointless lead off third instead of tagging up on a fly to an out-

fielder who couldn't throw. Westrum threw his under-ear against the wall and threatened fines, but Hunt maintained his deadpan plomb and thought positive. "We have good speed in the outfield," he said. Hunt overlooked the catchers, who were hitting .231 after 50 games, and pointed out that "we have good defense behind the plate."

The positive was still being accentuated, but the negative couldn't be eliminated. The spirit endured, but the flesh was feeble. All for one, yeah, but 0 for 4. The Mets had scored one run in 25 innings, with no more than one hit in any inning. "We're due to break out," Westrum said. "In a rash." That was the best he could do. No euphemist he, even when the Batmen were scoring runs. Westrum knows baseball thoroughly and discusses its nuances articulately, but he would not dictate Stengelian angles for the afternoon papers even if he knew how, which he doesn't. Inadvertently he tips the fact that some players' deficiencies—Swoboda's, for one—are more evident to him than others'. But he does not coin one-liners at their expense. That would be all for one, but it wouldn't be one for all.

Part of the tremolo in Westrum's voice after losing a close one is restraint, the sublimation of the impulse to tell a questioner to get lost. "That's true," Westrum concedes, "but I think you guys feel the same way asking the questions. You want to make sure you're not misunderstood." The guys do. Cross-examining a nice guy who can't finish better than ninth can be almost as much fun as interviewing the widow after the train wreck. In a world Wes Westrum wouldn't have made, public relations is 25% of any manager's job, and he accepts that. He succeeded Casey Stengel, which is like following Sammy Davis Jr. in a vaudeville show, but he is trying. The trouble is that he has little going for him but sincerity, which in baseball is not necessarily regarded as an asset.

Westrum's deep feeling about his job is not based on self-pity. He set the terms of his ordeal himself. The logical test of a manager of a team with the nebulous capabilities of the Mets would be a three-year plan, but Westrum has no such latitude. "Nobody gave me any special instructions," he said, "but I know what I have to do. I have to develop young players and I have to win games. I have set a goal of 70 victories,

continued



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Across this ocean, Schweppes invented Bitter Lemon.

**"We established a beachhead for Schweppes Bitter Lemon,"
says Commander Whitehead,
"and then it Schwept the whole country."**

THREE years ago we invaded New York with Schweppes Bitter Lemon," recalls Commander Whitehead, President of Schweppes (U.S.A.) Ltd.

"The gallant Broadway Brigade fought back bravely. The Madison Avenue Irregulars put up a stiff defense. But resistance began to crumble as soon as the first Schweppes

Bitter Lemon was poured into a glass, over ice. After all, this was the first adult soft drink in the world.

"Then we launched a spirited attack with gin and Schweppes Bitter Lemon, supported by vodka and Schweppes Bitter Lemon. The battle was won! Remaining pockets of resistance surrendered wholeheartedly to rum and Schweppes Bitter Lemon.

"Soon Schweppes Bitter Lemon had Schwept all America. Everywhere, people gave in to the tart, sophisticated taste that comes from using whole, fresh lemons, heightened with Schweppesvicescence."

P.S. from the Commander-in-Chief.

"Celebrate the third anniversary of this Schweppesian victory. Drink a Schweppes Bitter Lemon today."



and I honestly believe we can do that. If we don't win 70 games I won't feel that I have succeeded."

So Westrum has two mutually exclusive objectives and one whole year in which to accomplish them—minus, of course, the month they left him sitting home by the telephone, wondering whether he'd be the manager or not. Visiting his mother in Minnesota and fishing killed 10 days, but he was waiting for the shoe to drop.

He was not hired until Nov. 18. In the interim a man might have phoned the general manager, if Mets President George Weiss called himself the general manager or if Weiss deigned to let his assistant, Bing Devine, act as one, to suggest the name of a player or two he might like to have. But it would be presumptuous to call when you don't know if you work there anymore.

So the manager goes with the dramatics personae he was given. During the winter the management drafted Murphy and Pitcher Bill Hepler, 20, both of whom must be kept on the roster but neither of whom is ready to play. (Though, of course, Hepler was called on six times in two weeks when it was discovered that the men could not do the boys' job.) They traded their best pitcher for Ken Boyer and they picked up Stuart from the Phillies. The latter two "name" acquisitions, reminiscent of the Mets' Ashburn-Bell-Thomas lineup in 1962, indicated that the front office is still playing to the box office more than six million customers later.

Only the manager must play the present against the future. The overlap was epitomized by a pop foul which had nothing to do with a 3-1 defeat by the Pirates. Third Baseman Boyer, veteran of 1,700 big-league games, and Catcher John Stephenson, veteran of little more than 100, met under the ball as it descended near the Pirates' dugout.

Patently the third baseman, with the more dexterous finger glove, should have made the play. "Usually," Boyer said, "but not necessarily. The pitcher should call the play."

"I called Boyer," Pitcher Dennis Ribant said, "and when I yell they know I'm out there."

"I heard him," Boyer said. "I didn't hear anything," Stephenson said, "so at the last minute I yelled, 'I got it.' Nobody got it. Nobody did anything terribly wrong, either, except exhibit the

Mets' cross-purposes. A team plays a 25-year-old Johnny Stephenson in the hope of developing a young player. It plays a 35-year-old Ken Boyer in the hope of winning, or at least not looking too bad. When it combines them and gets nowhere the compromise is called "balance."

A team focusing on the future might, for example, play Ron Swoboda, who will not be 22 until June 30. He is the symbolic Met in that he is the most potent of their potentials. The only player the Metropolitan Baseball Club, Inc. can be absolutely sure it would like to have on its payroll in 1969—which should be first-division time—is Ron Hunt. If Hunt is not joined in that distant World Series by Swoboda and Cleon Jones and some of the Gardner-Ribanti-Selma-Rustek-Hepler-McGraw kiddie corps, he's never going to get there. The future is in them, or there is no foreseeable future.

"He's so strong" is about all that is heard about Swoboda, because of his impressive musculature and because he has occasionally hit balls "over everything." Actually, he probably has the reflexes and bat control to be a good hitter, but he isn't sure. He isn't sure of anything.

"As soon as I get started," he said, "I have to stop."

It was natural that Westrum's dual dedication and Swoboda's singular determination would conflict, and they have—quietly, but continually. "If a man is hitting," Westrum says, "I'll play him. When he stops I give him a rest. Sure, there are complaints: I wouldn't have a man who didn't want to play. But you just have to ignore the complaints."

In one doubleheader, against right-handed pitching, Swoboda went 4 for 7. The next day he was 0 for 3, and he got a three-day sabbatical. "You got to be fantastic, I guess," Swoboda said. "I wasn't fantastic. I was just hitting."

"He gets down on himself when he stops hitting," Westrum said. "Then he goes real bad."

"There is a guy in this organization," Swoboda said, "who says that when I get down on myself I crawl in a little hole somewhere and curl up and die. They ought to know there's a difference between looking bad and going bad."

"Last year I didn't even belong here," Swoboda said. Off a .276 year at Wil-

continued



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TOURNAMENT RECORD

Tournament	Playing Tournament	Worst Competition Score
LOS ANGELES	4	37
SAN DIEGO	47	39
WING CROSBY	126	40
WING CROSBY	911	41
WING CROSBY	80	42
WING CROSBY	72	43
WING CROSBY	220	44
WING CROSBY	39	45
WING CROSBY	63	46
WING CROSBY	58	47
WING CROSBY	65	48
WING CROSBY	6	49
WING CROSBY	70	50
WING CROSBY	65	51
WING CROSBY	52	52
WING CROSBY	18	53
WING CROSBY	67	54
WING CROSBY	58	55
TOTAL	723	56

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IMPORTED...BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

THE METS *continued*

limpsport, he played 135 games with the Mets and hit some balls over everything. But he also batted .228, and his fielding was one of the funny things about the Mets. "But I was here, and I went through all that. The newspapers had a field day with me. Now I think I do belong here. I still make mistakes in the field, but I'm better. Whacy Herzog talked to me the first day of spring training. 'You're not a good fielder,' he said, and he showed me a new way to approach a ground ball. I'm not good, but I'm better."

"Guys have to sacrifice," Westrum said. "They have to play when they're hurt, for the good of the team, the way Boyer and Hunt did on the last trip. And sometimes they have to sit down for the good of the team. It's all for one and one for all."

One night Johnny Lewis was called back to the dugout and Stuart sent up to hit for him. Lewis flung his bat in ostentatious chagrin. "That's all right," Westrum said. "I want them to want to play. Above all, I want them to be mad when they lose."

So it may be a mad, mad, mad, mad team by the side of August, which may make a weird, weird, weird, weird scene in Shea Stadium. The flaky legions of New Breed fans have been showing signs of becoming tranquilized, if not downright dignified. One memorable night, early in June, there was not a single banner in evidence. Among 11,785 patrons, not a used bed sheet screamed for the return of Elio Chacon. It was eerie.

Certainly, with the kids out of school, there will be more banners. The Rod Kanehl Fan Club will be heard from. They can't all turn their backs on Marvelous Marv so soon. But that night they acted almost like people who had come to see a baseball game.

They seemed, in a word, to be taking the Mets seriously. That's fine with the Mets, who are taking themselves seriously. Like Pagliacci, they are tired of laughing while being pushed around.

La commedia è finita. The current attraction at Shea Stadium is *Prometheus Bound*, a tragedy in one act starring Wes Westrum. Prometheus could have carried a whole pitching staff through a revolving door, but the management fired it so that he couldn't. The tears in the larry's will be very good for the curtain line. "How I am wronged, ye see."

END



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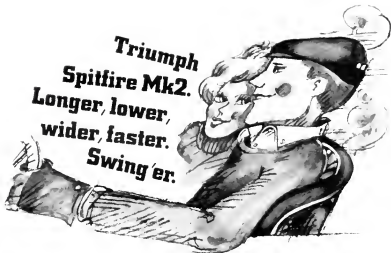
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On the night of August 13, 1964 Robert Wicklund and Stuart Wilk, diver-biologists with the U.S. Marine Gamefish Laboratory at Sandy Hook, N.J., were 35 feet below the surface of the Atlantic 10 miles east southeast of Monmouth Beach. Equipped with scuba apparatus, both men were observing fish life from a protective diving cage attached by cable to the research vessel *Challenger* above them. Four floodlights mounted on the cage lit up the depths, and as the cage slowly drifted with the *Challenger*, Wicklund and Wilk began to notice round herring feeding on plankton. At first there were several hundred of the cigar-shaped, seven-inch fish, then there were thousands. Soon the cage was in the middle of a vast school num-

bering into the millions. Suddenly both men were startled by a tremendous roar in the water. The millions of herring had panicked, and their fright was such that many of them rushed through the bars of the cage and beat upon the bodies of the divers. At one point the cage was so thick with herring that Wicklund could not see Wilk only four feet away.

A school of bluefish had caused the panic. The bluefish, each about 15 inches long, had knifed into the middle of the herring and were feeding ravenously on them. For fully 15 minutes the roar set up by the millions of fleeing fish continued, and when the massacre was over and the divers were back aboard the *Challenger* hundreds of herring littered the bottom of the cage. A camera that

Wicklund had tried to use to take photographs of the event was clogged with fish. "It was a thrilling and amazing experience," Wicklund recalled recently. "It was almost frightening in the beginning. The whole thing was eerie and exciting."

Of all the game fishes in the ocean none has a more murderous reputation than the bluefish. Marauding blues, from snapper size of less than 10 inches to lunkers three feet long, periodically range the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the U.S. In the summer months the northeast coast from Cape May to Cape Cod is one of the world's great fishing grounds for blues, which throng there by the millions. Only last summer—a banner bluefish season off Long Island—

THE BLUEFISH: MARAUDER OF

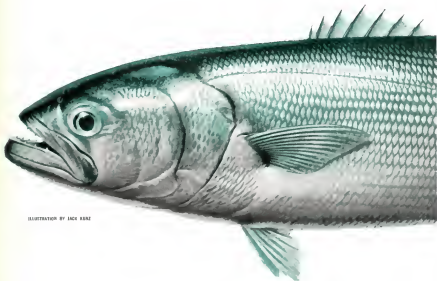


ILLUSTRATION BY JACK BERE

a commercial-fishing-boat captain, searching for menhaden, reported that he had passed through a 30-mile-wide school of blues at sea. The holds of his boat were empty; the blues had ravaged every menhaden in sight. Even normally sober government reports testify to the savagery of blues. No less formidable a Victorian figure than Professor Spencer Fullerton Baird (whiskers, frock coat), the first head of the old U.S. Commission of Fish and Fisheries cast aside academic caution to denounce the blue, in Sunday-supplement terms, as "an animated chopping machine." In 1871 Professor Baird wrote, "Going in large schools, in pursuit of fish not much inferior to themselves in size, they move along like a pack of hungry wolves de-

stroying everything before them. Their trail is marked by fragments of fish and by the stain of blood in the sea, as where the fish is too large to be swallowed entire, the hinder portion will be bitten off and the anterior part allowed to float away or sink." The professor estimated that in the four summer months off the southern New England coast bluefish destroyed the incredible number of twelve hundred million millions of fish.

Later writers have thought Professor Baird's toll perhaps exaggerated, but none has kind words to say for the blue. In *Fishes of the Gulf of Maine*, published in 1953, Henry B. Bigelow and William C. Schroeder brand bluefish as "sea pirates" and call the species "per-

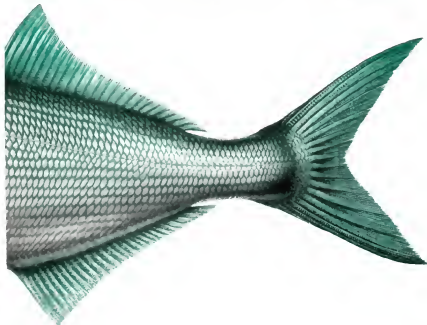
haps the most ferocious and blood-thirsty fish in the sea, leaving in its wake a trail of dead and mangled mackerel, menhaden, herring, alewives and other species on which it preys."

To commercial fishermen blues are a curse. They cannot be caught in most nets, because they can chew through them. One old name for them, tailors, is said to come from their ability to cut their way free. Anglers account for the vast bulk of blues taken annually, a staggering 50 million pounds. When blues are present, they are there in numbers. A school can be found by seeing fish break water. Excited gulls and terns, eager to feed on the remnants left behind by rampaging blues, are another sign. When blues are feeding, the birds

continued

THE SEAS

This sleek killer roams the oceans of the world preying on schools of baitfish, and the killer itself is preyed upon by fishermen who admire its fighting qualities—and its flavor **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**



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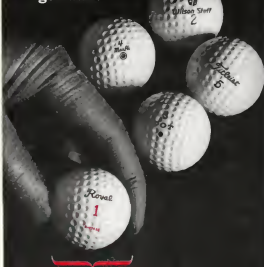
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BLUEFISH *continued*

"resting" they took up to 16 seconds to swim the distance. Olla and his team found that bluefish are diurnal, that is, they are most active during daylight hours. The daily pattern of activity is almost always the same. The blues are slow-moving at night, but shortly before dawn there is an increase in swimming speed, which reaches a peak between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. After that the rate starts to slow, though there is sometimes a sudden rise at twilight. Olla's findings are of such significance (they might even have relevance to the workings of man's biological clock in outer space) that he delivered a paper on the subject before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Olla has found that bluefish have keen eyesight in good light. "We're positive that these bluefish can see a bait or lure in the air before it hits the water," Olla says. "We've thrown baitfish to the other end of the tank, and the blues follow them at tremendous speeds and grab them as they hit."

Olla notes that when blues feed they flash their two pelvic fins, usually held tight against their sides. "I'm not sure, but it might be a signaling device to the rest of the school to keep them all in a state of excitement," he says. "If fish on an edge of the school come across food, their flashing fins would let the others know where the food is. But this is just conjecture."

The eight blues at Sandy Hook normally travel in a school. The school disperses when the fish are feeding and, after having fed, it regroups again. When frightened, the fish dive for the bottom and go into a pod, a very compact school in which their bodies press against one another. Frightened blues in a pod swim actively and refuse to feed. Blues can be frightened by unusual sounds or disturbances in the water. A blue's heart normally beats about 60 to 70 times a minute but, unlike mammals, its heart slows when it is frightened. By testing heart deceleration with a sensitive electrocardiograph, Olla was able to note the blues' responses to sounds, and he found that they can hear sounds ranging from less than 100 to 3,100 cycles per second. This range is nowhere near as extensive as man's, but in practical terms it means that, while they are not able to hear voices above water, they can detect the slap of an oar or the plop of an

continued



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The migrations of bluefish up and down the coast also are being studied at Sandy Hook. The biologists are trying to find out why bluefish frequent certain waters. Last summer, for instance, bluefish, from two inches to six pounds, swarmed up the Hudson River as far as Peekskill, N.Y., almost 50 miles from the harbor mouth. Snapper blues were seined out of brackish water at Croton with pumpkinseed sunfish. What is it that attracts them? Are they just roaming, or are they following the herring up the river? Where do they go from the river, Long Island Sound or the Jersey coast?

To find out about the comings and goings of bluefish, Clark began tagging them in 1962. Deuel has continued the work. So far they have tagged 14,000, and the lab has received 850 returns. At first Clark used rod and reel and, although this was fun, it was too slow. Deuel now catches blues in a strong monofilament net, and he can tag about 30 in an hour. To his surprise, he has taken about 66% of the netted fish close to the bottom. Larger blues, those five pounds or over, are, for some reason, rarely caught in the net. Lund, up in Connecticut, has had the same experience. Lund has gone after the larger blues by trolling handlines, and he has caught them up to 15 pounds. He catches the big ones in The Race, a celebrated fishing ground near the mouth of Long Island Sound.

Lionel A. Wallford, director of the Sandy Hook lab, theorizes that the blues found off Delaware Bay in May probably belong to a population that stays in the northeast the year round and does not migrate to Florida as previously thought. "There may be one population, if not two, that remains in northern waters the year round," Wallford says. Deep-sea trawls have taken bluefish over the Hudson gorge in midwinter, and a biologist in North Carolina has informed Wallford that swordfish caught 50 miles offshore in February had bluefish in their stomachs. "According to temperature charts, there is a band of 50° to 55° water extending along the edge of most of the continental shelf from southern New England down. A small population of cold-tolerant blues could winter in this band. Another population, probably the principal one that summers off the New Jersey and New York coasts, seems to be associated with 59° to 64° water. This temperature range extends all winter long

continued



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BLUEFISH continued

in a narrow band from just south of Cape Hatteras to northern Florida. We think that many blues can be found in this band during winter. The opinion of the scientists at Sandy Hook is that although bluefish wintering in Florida are feeding and maturing sexually, their principal spawning occurs as they journey northward. The northward migration is not triggered by temperature alone, because the fish leave before the water temperature changes. After spawning, the eggs drift and the parent fish continue north, eventually joining the northern stock. The offspring summer in estuarine areas of North Carolina. That winter they go out on the shelf and return again to North Carolina the following summer. By the second winter they are ready to go to Florida.

"There are several local populations on the coast. One of these is primarily northern and cold-tolerant, and there is another warm-water stock which summers in Chesapeake and North Carolina waters and then travels to southern Florida and perhaps northern Cuba. Judging from tag returns, a member of this warm-water population will sail forth into New Jersey or Long Island waters," Walford says. Bluefish are not as numerous along the Gulf Coast as they are on the East Coast, and the populations do not mix very much. For some reason that biologists have not been able to fathom, the fish in the Gulf of Mexico tend to stay on one side or the other of the Mississippi River. Walford does not rule out the possibility, however slim, that some of the blues on the East Coast, particularly the bigger fish which prefer the off-shore areas, migrate across the Atlantic to the Azores or North Africa. "This is a possibility we must test," he says. "I think enough of this possibility to have our tags printed in French and Spanish as well as English."

Last year was a poor one for blues off Jersey but, according to forecasts filed with the Atlantic States Marine Fisheries Commission by state biologists, the waters from Montauk to Cape Cod should again teem with blues. Walford hopes that any anglers who catch tagged fish or note any unusual occurrence will report their findings to the laboratory. Information of this nature will help disclose the life history of the blue. Walford says, "It's as though we were looking at a very fuzzy picture that is starting to come into focus."

END

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Uh, it's not too personal, what went wrong in that race for the Senate back in '64? reporters gingerly asked ex-Oklahoma Coach **Bud Wilkinson** as he passed through Abington, Pa., on a mission for the Lifetime Sports Foundation. "Well," said Bud, raring back, "the Republican party in Oklahoma is run by a bunch of ward leaders who have been going about things the same way for 30 years and losing every time. No coach or manager could survive 30 years without a winner, but these people have, and because it was my first crack at politics I was naive enough to listen to them. And that," said the man who once led Oklahoma through a 47-game winning streak, "was like listening to the alumni before a football game—suicide."

Maybe that was an evil eye and maybe it wasn't, but **Billy Graham**, looking satanic, put enough *swearing* on his golf ball (below) so that it all but picked itself up and holed out unassisted. All else had not gone as smoothly for Dr. Graham, who, hoping to refresh himself during the rigors of his London Crusade, had joined two other preachers and a Crusade co-worker at a course in St. Albans. He promptly thunked his first drive into a bunker. Marveled an English journalist of the God-

fearing foursome: "The least profane round of golf I have ever witnessed."

While their husbands played the 36 holes of a football coaches' golf tournament at a resort in the Arkansas Ozarks, two wives scavenged for antiques in the surrounding countryside. In Mammoth Spring, for example, Texas' **Mrs. Darrell Royal** found a set of pressed-glass salt-and-peppers (\$1.25) and a green water glass (10¢). Out of cash, she went for her checkbook. What about identification? "I've got a pass to the U.S. Senate here with my name on it," said Mrs. Royal. "And it's signed by the President of the United States." "Anybody could have one of those," brooded the merchant, as he reluctantly took the \$1.35 check. But why hadn't Mrs. Royal's companion, **Barbara**, stepped up to vouch for her? "I was scared to death," said the wife of the Arkansas coach, "that this man wouldn't know who **Frank Boyles** was, either."

First, Giant Bird and Oak Tree Door, a couple of grand champion sumo wrestlers, had a grunting go at each other in a Honolulu match. Then, retiring to their dressing room, they engaged their collective bulk in toying back and forth, medicine-ball fashion, the 50-odd pounds of a happily shrieking visitor, namely one **John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr.**, age 5. Secret Service men, unaware that in the East it is known to be as so beneficial to have one's child touched by a sumo wrestler, let alone by two, but their lips apprehensively during the exchange and forbade photographs. To Giant Bird's great disappointment, He had hoped for a picture of himself with John-John for his snapshot album back home in Tokyo.

The pros and cons of gambling laws were being argued in the House of Lords along somewhat theoretical lines until **Lord Kilbracken**, an Irish Liberal peer, rose to bear empirical wit-

ness. When only 16, His Lordship confessed, he had been a bookie at Eton—"so conveniently placed for Windsor races and only slightly less so for Ascot." Indeed, he had had 100 clients—some of them future members of the House—but it had turned out to be an unfortunate experience because he not only lost money but was found out by the headmaster as well. But abolish gambling in Britain? Not that, said Kilbracken, but perhaps it might ease the gambler's burden if he were obliged to declare early in the evening how much he was prepared to lose. That way she man can decide "in all sobriety."

"I haven't cracked 90 yet, but it's beginning to bend," said Singer **Sergio Franchi** in New Orleans. Franchi became monomaniacal about golf earlier this year when he took 15 professional lessons, but the big difference, he claims, came with his purchase of Arnold Palmer's book, *My Game and Yours*. "I discovered I wasn't holding the club properly, but most of all my mental attitude was all wrong. What I liked best was Palmer's suggestion to treat the course as a friend, not an enemy."

The pigeon had no name and, in fact, was minus a key feather that came unstuck not long ago.

For all that, he finished second against 640 others in a 230-mile race from Monett, Mo. to St. Louis, and proud indeed was Cardinal Infelder **Jerry Buchek**, a St. Louis pigeon racer from way back (sixth grade) who currently has some 50 of the birds cooped in his backyard. True, that number is subject to change. Pigeons are prey to hunters, hawks and a scrambled sense of direction. Moreover, there is that fate reserved for the no-so-swift: "We have pigeon stew regularly," says Buchek.

Just the other day he kicked off a statewide (theissedly voluntary) physical-fitness program, and then, to prove he wasn't kidding, Wisconsin's Governor **Warren Knowles** hopped into a rubber raft and, leading the way for 40 members of the state conservation commission, went paddling off down the runaway white water of the Wolf River (below). The exertion had also to do with Knowles's unshakable belief that Wisconsin ought to buy some 35 miles of shore along the river's upper reaches for a wilderness preserve, and the commissioners, once they got their feet back on the ground, approved the necessary \$850,000. "We must protect all our remaining resources," said the governor, "and the fabulous Wolf is a good place to start."



And there were the Dodgers in third place

Maury Wills was quoting Carlyle, and another classicist named Koufax was adding to his own reputation. The Dodgers had a long way to go, but they beat the Giants twice and still had their eyes on the pennant

It is one of the many theses of Los Angeles Dodger Shortstop Maury Wills that togetherness is a grossly underrated factor in the success of a baseball team, and when Maury Wills postulates a belief he doesn't clutter it up with qualifying words like *sometimes*. Thus last weekend, after five defeats in six games had raised the question of whether the world champions could do with a little less *esprit* and a few more line drives up the alley, Wills clung stolidly to his conviction that the team that stays together plays together.

In a guest essay in the *Los Angeles Times* on June 12 Wills had quoted Carlyle to this effect: "No lie can live forever." *Ergo* the Dodgers would rise again, and if the sequitur was a bit fuzzy, it's easier to feel renescent on a night when you have Sandy Koufax going for you.

In theory the Dodgers had more going for them than in their scramble to the 1965 pennant. Their team batting average was only 12 points higher than last year's .245, but they had hit 47 home runs. At the same time last year the Dodgers en masse were only 15 home runs ahead of Willie Mays. Rookie Don Sutton rounded out the best four-man

starting staff in baseball, and Tommy Davis didn't have a broken leg. The elements were there, and Manager Walter Alton had no serious doubts about his troops being together spiritually; he was trying to keep them together physically. Ron Fairly, the Dodgers' substitute for a bread-and-butter hitter, was out for almost a month with bruised ribs, and in his absence the Dodgers' hits were becoming more like isolated incidents than steps in the patterns they ran through last year. Lou Johnson was outliving his "Cinderella" year by 33 points, but somehow the winning run wasn't on base every time he came up.

Worse yet, all these little things that meant such a lot in 1965 were not happening for the Dodgers so often, and some of them were beginning to happen to them. San Francisco Giant Manager Herman Franks gave them a dash of their own audacity in the opening game of last weekend's series in Los Angeles.

With Tito Fuentes on first, two out and a one-ball two-strike count on Willie Mays, there were several reasons to assume Fuentes would not be running. One reason was that Tito was one for three in thefts for the season. Another

was that, with Mays behind in the count, Sutton would be "wasting" a pitch, making the ball easier for Catcher John Roseboro to handle. Still another was that the Giants don't do that sort of thing very often. So Fuentes stole second. The worst that could happen, Franks had reasoned, was that Fuentes would be thrown out. If so, Mays could start off the next inning even with the pitcher, and that wouldn't be so bad.

The steal changed the situation and the attitudes, or some of them. "With first base open," Alton said, "you don't care too much if you walk Mays." Theoretically. But Sutton cared very much about walking Mays, so much so that he tried too hard with a slider on the 3-2 count and not only walked Willie but wild-pitched Fuentes to third. That brought Willie McCovey up. He had fanned twice and grounded out, and each time the first pitch had been a curve for a strike. "Stay ahead of the hitter," is one of Sutton's theses, "and make him hit your pitch." The majority of pitchers grow too soon old and too late smart, so the singular attraction about Sutton this spring was that he seemed to throw 20-year-old stuff with a 40-



WILLS WAS PICKED OFF FIRST BASE AND CAUGHT IN A RUNDOWN BY GIANTS' DAVENPORT, LANIER (WITH BALL) AND MCCOVEY (44)

year-old head. Sutton tried to get ahead of the hitter, but McCovey hit his pitch, going after it as if he knew it would be a curve over the plate. "I had to go with my best," Sutton said. "and it wasn't that had a curve. But his best was better than my best."

The next night Sandy Koufax made everything all right, but it wasn't easy. He tried to cram spring training into one week after his long holdout, and his record seems to indicate that he succeeded eminently. But only Koufax can tell how good Koufax ought to be, and he said he was "not really strong" after 11 victories. "I guess the difference is small," he said. "It's not so much that I get tired, but sometimes I go for a little extra and it isn't there."

The Giants could not see the difference and Koufax might have had a breeze, except for a few little things that, again, did not go the Dodgers' way. Ray Sadecki was the Giants' pitcher, in honor of San Francisco's idea that left-handers have a better chance of containing the Dodgers' running attack. Sadecki honored Wills with 19 pickoff throws during Maury's two visits to first base, and he picked him off the first time. The second time, with none out, Sadecki was so attentive to Wills that he walked Wes Parker and a rally was in the making.

All Dodgers are together, as Captain Wills insists, but some Dodgers are more together than others. Willie Davis, for example, probably could hunt 200 but he would rather swing. In this instance he hunted foul on the first pitch and then tried to hit the next two pitches to the mountains. He missed the first one and hit the second straight up in the air. Then Wills led a double steal and was thrown out, so the big inning produced one run. "Wills is on his own," Alden said. "But I have a sign I give him when I think a steal is a good idea, and I gave it to him. Tommy Davis was the hitter and he's susceptible to double plays, and the way Sadecki was kicking his leg I thought Wills could make it. I believe we have to run. The one had week last fall, when we lost three out of four to the Mets, I told them I thought we were being too cautious. The way we got to first place was by being daring on the bases, and I told them that was what we would have to do to stay there. And I don't care what the reports say—we're not that much stronger this year."

But the Dodgers roll on and the mon-

—Continued

Photo by Ken Regan



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BASEBALL *continued*

ey rolls in. The three Dodger-Giant games in Dodger Stadium last weekend averaged 53,000 customers. In 175 games since the two teams moved west in 1958, they have played to just over 6.5 million patrons. Could it be that New York's interborough rivalry was truly transplanted after all?

"Not really," said Koufax, a Brooklyn boy who pitched his first three seasons in Ebbets Field. "In New York you had both crowds in the same ball park. The Giant fans would come to Ebbets Field and Brooklyn people would be at the Polo Grounds. I don't know if it was 50-50, but you knew they were there, and that's what gave it that special feeling. Here it's Giant fans in San Francisco and Dodger fans in Los Angeles. It's a big game when we play the Giants, but that's because it's a big crowd—and because they're usually the team we have to beat."

And because, too, there have been a number of incidents in Giant-Dodger games that have stirred strong feelings between the teams. "Strong feelings, yes," Koufax said. "But between the teams, not the players. You meet a guy during the winter and you kid about something that happened on the field. Of course, that doesn't mean it wasn't serious when it happened. When I see the Giants around the batting cage, they're my friends. But when the game starts they're just objects to get out."

The friendly animosities did not manifest themselves in the rubber game on Sunday. Bob Bolin got most of the object Dodgers out until the seventh, when little things began happening. Al (The Bull) Ferrara huffed and puffed to beat out a double-play relay and tie the score 1-1. In the eighth Don Drysdale pinch-hit a single, and Willis, after two foul attempts, deftly bunted the runner into scoring position.

Willie Davis hit a two-strike pitch for the winning grounder into left field, and now the Dodgers' No. 3 hitter had as many RBIs as their leadoff man. And Phil Regan, displaced person from the American League, had one more victory than Drysdale, who is paid \$105,000 to win. And the Dodgers were still in third place, two games away.

But it couldn't be long. "No lie can live forever," as Thomas Carlyle said. "Not Thomas Carlyle," said Vin Scully, the voice. "Lou Carlisle. He works for the Dodgers."

END

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Fitted out for a blue-water race

Summer A. (Huey) Long of Larchmont, N.Y., the kingfish of the international ocean racing circuit, is off this week on his seventh try for a victory in the Newport-Bermuda race. Long, in his 57-foot aluminum yawl *Ondine*, has won almost every blue-water race in the world, including the last transatlantic race in 1963. A meticulous nian, Huey is just as serious about his foul-weather gear as he is about the cut of a mainsail. "Anything that affects our crew affects our chances," he says. "If our crew is tired and cold, they can't sail as well."

After a five-day layover in Bermuda, Long and a crew of veteran sailors will up *Ondine's* anchor and take off June 29 on the world's toughest race—the transatlantic. This summer it is even harder on a crew than usual, because Copenhagen is the destination, and the course runs north of the British Isles. "It will be raw out there, especially around the Orkneys and the Shetlands, the islands that lie offshore of Scotland," Long says.

"For the first week out of Bermuda it will be walk shorts and sun hats. Then we'll strike some very cold weather. I'll

put on two sets of goose-down underwear from Abercrombie's fifth-floor hunting department, high sea hoots and the heaviest foul-weather gear I have. I'll take them off two weeks later when I get to Copenhagen."

The foul-weather gear worn here by Long is made in Scotland for the offshore fishermen and sailors of the North Sea, the coldest and wettest leg of this year's race. It is made of heavy-duty canvas coated with a waterproof plastic. All the seams have been resealed for water tightness. Long buys his waterproofs from Torrey, Huntington & Shaw, sailmakers of Oyster Bay, N.Y., which sells them to the offshore sailing crowd in the U.S.

As one might expect of a man who supervises all of the technical work on his yacht, Long has definite opinions about what foul-weather gear should do. "It should keep you warm and dry when the cockpit fills up with 40° seas during a northeasterly gale. I prefer pullover parkas to snap-front models, because I think they keep out the water better. Both the parka and the trousers should be roomy enough to allow for both thermal underwear and freedom of movement. The bottoms of the trousers should snap tightly around the boots to keep you watertight when you are run-down in a heavy sea."

An offshore sailor needs good footing on the wet, heaving deck of an ocean yacht. A man overboard is a nightmarish prospect for a skipper like Long. Even a slip on a wet deck could be serious—a man could break a leg or an arm. Long himself wears Top-Sider sneakers, not the elkhide moccasins with Top-Sider soles some of the crew wear. "I just don't think they give me enough arch support," says Long. "In heavy weather I wear sea boots with the same nonskid soles as the sneakers."

"Each man in our crew is an expert sailor," says Long, "and he is responsible for his own gear. If he didn't know what to bring from his own experience, I don't think we would have him in our crew."

END



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Sad music from a Stradivarius

Record sprinter Tommie Smith proved too delicate an instrument for the hard task he and his coach set for him in the NCAA championships

Year after year the NCAA Track and Field Championships present a contrast in big men vs. big teams. In most respects the 45th annual renewal, held last week on the Indiana University campus in Bloomington, was no exception. On hand was Randy Matson, the world record holder in the shotput and a Texas A&M junior who was competing in this meet for the first time. On hand was Gerry Lindgren, the wispie distance runner from Washington State, another athlete of international reputation who was also competing in the NCAA for the first time. On hand, too, was a 15-man aggregation from UCLA in Los Angeles, determined to win the team title.

There was one other big man last week, but he differed from Matson and Lindgren in an important respect: he came from a team with title hopes. He was a tall, long-legged sprinter from San Jose State named Tommie Smith. Four times in the last six weeks he had broken world records. Now, far from the bright days and fast tracks of California, he was going to show the rest of the world why those who claimed he was the most exciting sprinter ever to hustle through a stretched-out piece of yarn were right. And he might upset UCLA.

True to form, Matson produced a meet record in the shot (67 feet 1½ inches) and another in the discus (197 feet). True to form, Lindgren won both the three- and six-mile runs easily. And, true to form, the pale-blue uniforms of UCLA were everywhere, but generally in front as its wearers compiled 81 points and won by a record margin of 48 over second-place Brigham Young.

But at the end there was one form that was having no part of the familiar hand-pumping and congratulations that are so much a part of track. It belonged to Tommie Smith, who lay in pain in a medical tent behind the stands, staring

gloomily through dark glasses at the canvas ceiling. In the final of the 440-yard overworked hamstring had blown out, and Smith, who should have been the biggest man in the meet, was still waiting for the recognition that could someday be his.

Smith, unfortunately, was the victim of team competition, which is the essence of the NCAA meet. He was scheduled to step out on Indiana's new, all-weather GrassTex composition track and, in a virtual one-man attack on UCLA, run seven times. He was also to broad-jump into Indiana's heavy sand pit on two consecutive days. But if he had known what was in the mind of UCLA Coach Jim Bush, he might not even have tried. Before the meet began Bush had said: "If we just get average performances from everybody, we should win by 20 to 25 points."

Bush has brought to track coaching the same clean-cut, well-pressed executive image that Darrell Royal has inspired among college football coaches. His blond hair is trimmed to a neat crew cut, his manner is friendly but firm and even his most bullish statements are based on research that would please Merrill Lynch and the rest of the firm.

Smith's coach at San Jose, Bud Winter, belongs to an older, more rumpled era, and he is a man who believes that no malapropism is too good for the star member of his team. "It will take a miracle to beat UCLA," he said, "but Tommie has got so much he may be a revolution in sprint form. This spring he looked so good just running relays that he got standing innovations."

Between standing innovations Smith set world records: 19.5 for the 200-meter and 220-yard dashes down a straightaway, 20.0 for the same distances running through a curve. He is all leg and very little torso. When he runs, his knees

come up so high that if he were not moving forward at such a terrific clip an observer might think he was bounding up a steep flight of stairs. His only problem is his slow start. He reminds you of those first few seconds of a rocket's takeoff. You do not believe that he will ever get started, but once he does he is all excitement, floating into top speed at precisely the moment his opponents are running out of old-fashioned steam.

He was pure excitement in the early moments of the meet in Bloomington. On Thursday he qualified easily for the broad-jump finals the next afternoon and won his heat in the 100 in 9.3, tying the meet record.

"We're not too perturbed in the broad jump or in our starts," explained Coach Winter. "If he practiced those things too much he could get hurt. After all, you don't want to drive nails with a Stradivarius, Right?"

Right! Especially when the Stradivarius can produce such beautiful music at 220 yards. In his first heat of the 220 Smith won so decisively the race was laughable. Rising off the pad in his usual dawdling fashion, he had picked up speed and drawn even with the rest of the field of seven as it swept out of the turn. Then Tommie simply lifted his knees into overdrive and roared down the track. His winning margin was 10 yards, and his winning time of 20.2, though aided by a slightly stronger than legal tail wind, was as fast as

Henry Can's recognized world standard. "I think I got smoke in my eyes," said Oklahoma State's Mickey Miller, who finished an amazed third in the heat. "He went by me so fast I figured I must be doing about 25 seconds."

But that was the last of the brilliant Tommie Smith. Beginning to hurt in the broad jump, which he had not even tried in practice at any time before this meet—he took third behind blond Rainer Siemus of Finland and Los Angeles State. And despite a closing rush in the 100-yard final, he just failed to catch Nebraska's peppery and competitive Charley Greene, one of the few athletes at Bloomington successfully to defend a title. By the end of Friday, Smith's knees ached and his legs felt lifeless and tired.

He made his final appearance on Saturday. Briefly he was sensational, and then there were questions in everybody's mind as to whether somebody wasn't trying to drive nails with a violin. Sprinting toward the tape as anchor man in the 440-yard relay, Smith's smooth stride suddenly broke. He hopped on one foot, appeared to decide to quit, then saw the finish only 35 yards ahead and painfully made his way to the end, in third place. What 8,000 spectators had come to see: Smith in the 220 final, where he might break a record—never got on the program. He gimped off to a trainer's table, and the rest of the day belonged to Randy Matson and Gerry Landgren and UCLA. **END**



STRETCHED OUT IN PAIN IN MEDICAL TENT, SMITH IS CONSOLED BY COACH WINTER



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Putting on the old Indian sign

Thanks, they claim, to a Mohawk haircut on Oar No. 10, Wisconsin's Badgers beat everybody at the IRA



A lean, lanky 20-year-old named Bill Clapp, who rows bow oar on the University of Wisconsin crew, had a dream one night not long ago after Navy beat the Badgers by a boat length on Lake Mendota. Bill's dream was full of sweet revenge and wishfulness, and in it he saw himself and his shipmates on the Wisconsin varsity pull away from the Midshipmen and 13 other top U.S. crews to win the first prize at the Intercollegiate Rowing Association championships on New York's Onondaga Lake. The trouble was that when Bill Clapp woke up next morning he had to face the fact that it was nothing but a dream. The Badgers didn't have a look-in at the IRA. They had not only lost to Navy at Madison, they had failed even to qualify for the finals in the Eastern Sprints at Worcester, Mass. How, then, were they to win the biggest race of all? Bill Clapp had his own idea about that.

"When I was a freshman," he explained at Syracuse last week, "I did this Mohawk, Indian hat, and guess what? We went out and beat all the other freshmen in the IRA." Figuring that what made powerful medicine once might well do it again, Bill persuaded his crewmate, No. 4 Oar Tom Mitchell, to shave his (Bill's) head in Mohawk style one hour before the race started. Result: contrary to the predictions of every expert in the business, the Badgers won the IRA, beating defending champion Navy by half a length and the highly touted University of Washington Huskies by 11.

Nobody suspected this upset was in the making until the race was one-third over. The Badgers got off to a good start, unloaded a "big 10" set of power strokes to get their shell locked in and moving out, then settled down to a steady 31-stroke beat. But California, Rutgers and what amounted to a scrub crew from Dartmouth (its members had to pay their own way to Syracuse) were setting a furious pace up ahead. Soon Rutgers pulled into the lead, and Brown, another semiscrub outfit that had made some threats as a possible dark-horse victor, drew past the other two. Wisconsin was then in fifth place.

"We followed Cornell for the first mile," said coxswain Bill Witte, going over the race afterward, "then we picked up Navy. They looked like the crew we had to beat. Brown was up there too, but we stuck with Navy." About 50 strokes from the finish, with all but

Navy and Wisconsin out of it, the Badgers upped their stroke just enough to beat the Middies across the line. Princeton was third, Brown fourth and Joe Burk's Pennsylvanians, paced once again by their little black box (SL, June 15), fifth.

Oddly enough, none of the hardheaded coaches concerned seemed inclined to give Bill Clapp's haircut much credit for the way the race turned out. "Wisconsin got into the groove quicker than we did at the start, and that made the difference in the stretch," was the way Navy Coach Paul Quinn explained it. "They just didn't hang together," said Coach Fil Leanderson of his disgraced Washington Huskies. And the Badgers' own coach, 64-year-old Norm Sonju, seemed to think the victory was the result of planning rather than dreaming. "We have had a bad season," he said. "After Navy beat us we did a lot of switching seats. Today the boys suddenly matured as a unit, so I guess we must have found the right combination."

Another thing Sonju did was use the right oars, the shovels favored by Germany's champion Ratzburgers, which are fine in calm weather on a smooth lake but had in a chop. Fearing Onondaga would show its usual bad temper, the other coaches used the old-fashioned narrow oars. Sonju took a chance with the new type, and the lake paid him off with a surface as smooth as a pond.

If Sonju's victory in the varsity and an easy win by Dartmouth in the jayvees served to shatter the odds at Syracuse, the wise money got its revenge in the freshman event in which Pennsylvania's aggressive yearlings, who call themselves the Animals, behaved exactly as expected. Their only threat came from a surprisingly strong Princeton crew.

All week long the undefeated Animals and their humpious coach, Ted Nash, had been the talk of the regatta. Nash is at least as full of surprises (though far from as well loved in rowing circles) as his varsity counterpart, Joe Burk. One difference between them is that, thanks to Penn's new recruiting policy, Nash has real rowers to work. Like Burk, he keeps them in prime condition. Whenever the Penn frosh went to get their oars or return them to the boathouse at Syracuse, they ran in double time, like Marine hoists at Parris Island. After practice, they did brisk squat jumps to a drillmaster's cadence called by the cox,

Continued



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ROWING *continued*

Whenever they pulled away from a dock, they held their oars in one hand.

"What's Nash trying to prove with all these antics and contortions?" one disgruntled (and later defeated) freshman rower from the West Coast asked as he watched the Animals take off. Nash had an answer. "I make them row and row and row. The fact is that near the middle of the race this afternoon the cox will call out, 'Two thousand!' And the crew will answer, 'Two thousand!' You know why? Because sometime after the half-way mark they will have rowed 2,000 miles in practice and competition."

Before the 2,000 miles were completed, Nash had come up with another antic that had rowers and rival coaches crying foul. Instead of having his boys launch their shell at the Penn boathouse and then paddle it to the starting line three miles away, as crews have always done at Onondaga Lake (and do at every other regatta whether the line be near or far), Nash trucked crew and boat alike to the Onondaga Yacht Club marina and put them overboard only a stone's throw from the start. It saved a lot of unnecessary pulling, but it detonated a howl of protest that echoed across the lake. Pressed to do something about it, Regatta Director Asa Bushnell could only admit that "there was no set rule to the contrary because we never anticipated such a move, but there may well be a rule about it in the future."

Rule or no rule, however, it seems more than probable that the Animals would have won easily even without their extra ration of rest. "We went off to a 43-stroke start, following Princeton most of the way," said Coxswain Kenny Dreyfuss. "At about the halfway mark Dex Bell, our stroke, picked it up, and we went into a scampant. With about 40 strokes to go, Bell put it up another couple of notches, and we won."

It was as easy as that, and no one, not even upstart Princeton, could do much about it. The freshman win, coupled with the Penn varsity's fifth place and a second-place finish for the jayvees, earned Penn the Jim Ten Eyck trophy as the overall point winner (15) for the entire regatta. Beyond that, it suggested a future in which Harry Parker's Harvardians (who beat their ancient rivals from Yale by six lengths on the Thames River that same afternoon) had better guard carefully their status as the best of America's college crews.

END



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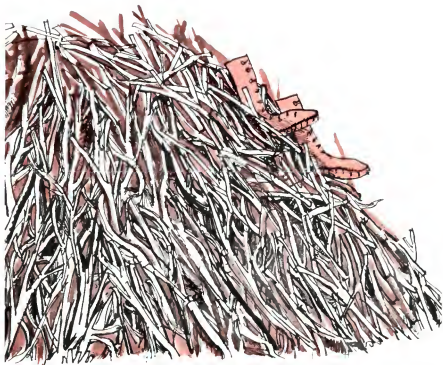
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BEAVERS



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BY BIL GILBERT

DAM AND BE DAMMED

CONTINUED

For more years than they would perhaps like to count, if they could count, beavers were the Patsies of the World. As the object of a continent-wide skin game, they had more to do with the founding of Montreal, the Mackinac Bridge and the Astor fortune than the faithful hound, the dumb ox and spirited horse put together. Beavers are so much part of the very early history of the United States and Canada that a good many people assume these big rodents are now pretty much confined to zoos, the novels of James Fenimore Cooper and the films of Walt Disney. The truth is quite the opposite. Some time ago (SI, Feb. 9, 1959) we noted that all over North America, even in supposedly tame and urbanized areas, the beaver was making a comeback. We can now report that comeback is far too mild a word.

The insurgency of the beavers strongly suggests the tactics of the Viet Cong. Beavers are constantly turning up in little enclaves supposedly well behind the front lines of civilization and then running everyone else out. The native population often invites in or at least welcomes the first penetration by beavers, believing that the creatures will be an adornment to the countryside. Later, innocent nature lovers discover that, given a figurative inch of babbling brook, beavers will make a literal half mile of muddy bog. Once they have got a big webbed foot in the door, beavers are harder to dislodge than commissars.

The experiences of a Baltimorean, whom I shall call Burt (to protect him in case the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee should begin investigating beaver sympathizers), are typical of what happens to humans who start fellow-traveling with beavers. In the early 1950s Burt bought some land in West Virginia for a vacation retreat. It was a pretty place in a shallow, heavily timbered valley. For Burt, who is an ardent fly-fisherman, the prize feature of the property was a fast, cold trout stream which rose from springs above his place and flowed into a very large, tangled swamp below. Burt's first improvement was to dig two small trout-rearing ponds below his cabin. He stocked the ponds with rainbows and browns and enjoyed the whole project immensely. His next move was less successful and in fact marked the beginning of the end of his Shangri-La. Being an all-round nature lover, Burt was infected with the idea that it would be a lovely, woody thing if beavers could be established in the swamp below his cabin. After some discussion the game commission agreed to the plan, and three pairs of beavers were dropped, by parachute, into the swamp. To say that the beavers established themselves is again to understate the facts. In the past 14 years these six beavers and their offspring have simply taken over the joint.

To appreciate what beavers can do and have done to people like Burt, a little understanding of beaver psychology and physiology is necessary. Except perhaps for the Army Corps of Engineers (creatures that they closely resemble in spirit, if not appearance), no other animals have such ability and compulsion to rearrange the landscape. Beavers have

strong notions as to what constitutes a good environment, and they are not the timid compromising sort who, if they don't find what they want in one place, will look elsewhere. Beavers will start with the most unpromising terrain and soon whip it into a shape that suits them.

The first thing a pair of beavers wants is a deep water hole across which they can float logs, under which they can store food and which will give them protection from land-based enemies. If deep water is naturally available, in a lake or big river, beavers make use of what is there. They dig their dens back under the bank and go about their business without having to spend much time on intricate engineering projects. However, if there is no body of water of sufficient size they make one by damming up the nearest stream. In the middle of their artificial pond, dam beavers will build a lodge, a dry platform roofed over with a conical structure of sticks and mud. The lodge has an underwater entrance. Around the lodge in the deep water beavers store cut lengths of unpeeled logs, the butt ends anchored in the mud. During the winter, beavers mostly laze around the lodge. When they are hungry they swim out, grab a log, carry it back inside and sit around nibbling off the nutritional bark. When a log is cleared they shove it outside as a man would throw an empty beer can over his shoulder. This is a comfortable and sensible way to behave in bad weather.

Beavers also insist on having a system of waterways for bringing their construction materials and groceries back to the main pond. Obviously, it is more efficient to float a fallen tree than it is to drag it through the underbrush. Also, from a beaver's standpoint, it is a lot safer. Though an excellent swimmer, he is a clumsy waddler on land, and so he does not like to work far from water. Each season, as they go farther and farther from the lodge in search of food, beavers extend their waterways. They excavate canals back into the woods. They throw up small dams above the main one, creating a system of secondary ponds. Most spectacularly, they continue to increase the length and height of their principal dam, thus enlarging the perimeter of the pond and their effective working area. A well-established colony may have a dam six feet high and a quarter of a mile long, creating a pond of up to 75 acres. Only when they have absolutely exhausted the food supplies in an area (an active colony cuts between one and two thousand trees a year) will beavers, of their own volition, move elsewhere.

Not only does a pair of beavers constantly extend its watery holdings, but it also regularly produces two to six beavers each spring. In time each of these kits will want a little pond of its own. Young beavers hang around the parent colony for a year or two, helping out as apprentice lumberjacks and construction workers. Eventually the youngsters wander away or are driven off by the patriarchs. Sooner or later a dislodged youngster will meet up with a beaver of the opposite sex, and the whole cycle

continued

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4. Royal Johannesburg (South Africa)	486	4	13. Wentworth (England)	437	4
5. Royal Kaanapali (Hawaii)	438	4	14. Scarboro (Canada)	235	3
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7. Royal Hong Kong (Hong Kong)	182	3	16. Royal Melbourne (Australia)	215	3
8. Golf De Saint Nom La Breteche (France)	430	4	17. St. Andrews (Scotland)	466	5
9. Victoria (Australia)	575	5	18. Wack Wack (Philippines)	422	4
Total Out	3343	34	Total In	3686	38
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—stream, dam, pond, lodge, mud flat—will start again.

The beavers that were parachuted into Burt's swamp had all the instincts and ambitions of their clan. They apparently decided that the place had possibilities (there was a lot of alder, a favorite beaver food) but would need considerable improvement. The first season one pair came out of the swamp and threw up a small dam across the trout stream below Burt's cabin. Burt was overjoyed, figuring this was just the touch his retreat needed, a real true beaver pond. But by the next season his enthusiasm for the wilderness bit was tempered by growing alarm. Surely and not so slowly the beavers began to drown the trout stream. In five seasons the original pair and their progeny built a 300-yard main dam and a series of six smaller impoundments that reached all the way back to the source of the short stream. The brook was converted into a brown slough, a vast improvement if you happen to be a beaver. Because it had been heavily shaded, the spring-fed stream had remained cold throughout its length. The beavers felled many of the shade trees, and the water from their ponds killed most of the remainder. Rushes and water-tolerant scrub replaced the trees. The sun beating down on the water raised its temperature above the point that trout can tolerate.

While Burt's trout stream was sacrificed, he still had his trout ponds—but not for long. Arriving one summer, Burt found that the beavers, with their insatiable craving for *Lebensraum*, had incorporated his ponds into theirs by raising the height of their dam a foot or so. Where the dikes around the pond had stood in their way, the beavers had flattened them. The trout had, of course, dispersed into the bog. Just to add insult to injury the beavers had rummaged through Burt's firewood pile and nipped off the emerging shoots of a row of red raspberry canes he had planted the year before.

Burt's cabin, situated on a knoll, is presumably safe for the time being, but the watery waste that now surrounds the building is the kind of place only a beaver could love. Since he no longer can spend his days trout fishing, Burt spends his time politicking. He is agitating for the removal of the beavers, but his campaign is not as easy as was the one to get the beavers into the swamp. A biological survey shows that there are now approximately 100 beavers, working a dozen locations in the vicinity. Each year there are more beavers—and consequently more swamp. It is quite certain that no one is going to parachute these beavers out of the place. They are dug in good. The jungled morass they have created protects them from virtually everything but tactical nuclear weapons.

Beavers are a great paradox. In their place, the wilderness, they are constructive citizens. Their ponds hold water in dry places, sometimes help to control floods and create good environmental niches for bass, waterfowl, muskrat and many other creatures. Beavers, with their many talents and tricks, are among the real personality boys of the wildlife community. Most trappers and conservation officers who

are professionally involved with beavers are fond of the big, often playful rodents. There are few serene pleasures equal to sitting quietly in a canoe at dusk in a wilderness beaver pond and watching and listening to these animals go about their appointed chores. However, if the pond happens to be in your cornfield, if the dam is across your drainpipe or if they are timbering your herbaceous hedges, the pleasure you take in beavers sharply decreases.

Donald Glassman of Washington, D.C., who owns a 300-some-acre vacation place on Town Creek in Allegany County, Md., has put the beaver dilemma in poignant perspective. (Mr. Glassman has become an unwilling expert on beavers. He shares his retreat with about 40 of these animals, and for eight years has been hunting strongly that he would like them to move elsewhere.) "They build dams right under my nose, right in front of the house. I've torn down one dam right near the house five times," says the beaver-besieged Glassman. "You have to admire their skill, but this thing has no rhyme or reason. You can't destroy beavers, but they are destroying me. I don't want to exterminate them, but I do want to isolate them. This is too much. They should be put in the public parks, where they can show off their stuff on public trees."

This is the way of the beaver. He is a fine, interesting, romantic creature in theory and at a distance, but in practice and close to any home he is apt to alienate even his staunchest admirers. There was, for example, the California lady who had quite a fancy summer place at Blackwood Creek on Lake Tahoe. She also had beavers, but she defended them as being cute, even as they were putting the bite on some of her prized landscaping effects. Then one day while she was entertaining at a lawn party the beavers felled two silver birch trees across the lawn and into the guests, narrowly missing the acid-melon balls. With this,

continued



After finding a likely area, the beaver will plot his attack in a well-organized manner.

the lady called the game commission to do something about her cute beavers.

In the cases of the lady of Lake Tahoe, Donald Glassman and Bart, beavers overran, so to speak, isolated outposts of civilization. However, they are quite able and apparently willing to tackle whole communities if the proper tactical situation presents itself. Lake Ford, Md. is a village in which the principal building is a frame church. The church stands at a decent distance from a quiet, well-mannered stream, which for the most part has been a source of pleasure to the congregation. Several summers ago a pair of young beavers moved up the stream. They infiltrated stealthily, apparently setting up temporary quarters under the bank and confining their lumbering to the thickets on



One lady fancied beavers until the day they felled two silver birch trees across her lawn party.

the opposite side of the stream. They remained hidden during their first winter, but early the next spring showed the flag by in one evening mowing down all the narcissus and crocuses blooming around the church and adjacent cemetery. Then the beavers sheared off a privet hedge that encircled the church. They ate what they wanted and used the inedible parts to commence their dam just below the church.

(Assorted tree barks are the staple beaver diet, but they also fancy such things as water lilies, sweet corn, tomatoes, carrots and cut flowers. The Oregon Game Commission has had complaints of beavers gobbling up filbert, peach, apple and pear trees, cane berries, standing mint, wheat and cauliflower. With appetites like this it is not surprising that beavers are inclined to be a little stout. The record beaver was a 109-pounder trapped in the Laramie Mountains in Wyoming.)

The initial reaction of the invaded Lake Fordians was one of bemused shock. The consensus seemed to be that creatures as charming as beavers are in many respects good and that, after all, a pond of beavers was as much an attraction as a hedge of privet. This theory, that coexistence with beavers is practical, shortly proved to hold far too much water. One Sunday morning the congregation found that they had to wear galoshes to get into church. During

the preceding evening the beavers had raised their dam another notch, and the waters of the impoundment lapped the foundation of the building.

There was immediate and unanimous agreement that the dam and, if possible, the beavers had to go, but it proved easier to make this decision than to execute it. A beaver dam is a formidable structure, being four or five yards thick at the base and solidly constructed of gooey mud, stones and interlaced timbers. To attack such a creation with, say, a shovel or rake is about as effective as trying to breach Grand Coulee with a cherry bomb. Eventually tractors were brought in and the dam was dragged out, not once but three times, because tenacity is the middle name of all beavers. At the moment the Lake Ford beavers have retreated or gone back under the banks, but no one is betting that they will not regroup and launch a hydraulic counter-attack.

Other places troubled with beavers have, like Lake Ford, brought in mechanical reinforcements, but scattered returns indicate the beavers are more than holding their dikes against various marvels of the machine age. In 1961 beavers built a 120-foot dam across a commercial trout stream near the tourist center of Wisconsin Dells, Wis. Russ Tollaksen, operator of the resort, decided that if the dam didn't go his rainbow trout probably would, because the impoundment was raising the water temperature above the point trout can tolerate. Tollaksen rented a bulldozer and for eight consecutive days gouged holes in the dam. For eight consecutive nights the beavers—there were only six of them in the colony—filled in the holes. On the next day, logs that the beavers had cut the night before got stuck in the bulldozer's fan belt. The belt broke, the motor conked out and the bulldozer sank into the mud. A KO for the beavers in the ninth.

Spectacular as was the victory of the Wisconsin Dells beavers, it pales in comparison with the activities of a pair of Michigan beavers who, near Munising, bagged a Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Coast freight train. The beavers dammed up a culvert underneath the tracks. Their pond softened up the roadbed, and the next thing the Duluth, South Shore, etc. people knew they were fishing with a derrick for their diesel.

In many ways Wisconsin is the real dark and bloody ground of the beaver vs. people campaign. In 1963 the Wisconsin Conservation Department received 539 complaints against beavers and in response spent \$50,000 in counter-insurgency action against some 1,300 dams. The complaints included bleats about the beavers undermining federal highway 53 and state highways 70 and 77, plus numerous unnumbered roads and a section of the Chicago & North Western Railroad. Beavers flooded a mine at Montreal, Wis., felled a 26-inch yellow birch across a public boat landing at Big Lake in Vilas County, demolished several cabins and chewed down a cord or so of telephone poles.

One method of beaver control practiced in Wisconsin is

to dynamite dams. Here again, beavers are not always overmatched. Harry Weaver, a veteran Wisconsin dam blaster, was called out to do something about an eight-foot culvert in Monroe County that beavers had plugged. Weaver started things by setting off two sticks of dynamite. The dam held firm, and so he upped the ante with a six-stick charge. His car, parked above the culvert, jumped six inches off the ground, but the dam didn't budge. Weaver climbed down and began jumping on a log that protruded from the dam. This (along with the eight sticks of dynamite) proved to be the log that broke the dam's back. The whole structure let loose, and Weaver was pulled into the culvert by the current. He hung onto the rim of the pipe until he was rescued by another conservation officer, but not before the water rushing out of the beaver impoundment had stripped off and carried away his pants.

Another approach to "controlling" beavers is to trap the animals and cart them off to uninhabited regions. This method also has occasional drawbacks. Dan Tyler, a Menominee, Wis. conservation officer, has caught hundreds of beavers in the big, pushlike live traps. In addition, he has trapped one white-water canoeist and one trout fisherman.

There are ominous indications that the beavers are catching on to the trapping technique—not just getting wary, but studying the whole procedure with an eye toward doing a little trapping on their own. A father and son on a fishing trip in Canada's Georgian Bay had a nasty experience of this sort last summer. Georgian Bay, a northeastward extension of Lake Huron, is one of the world's true water wonderlands. It encompasses some 30,000 islands, an unbelievable maze of capes, coves, streams and small lakes. The bay, only a few hours from Toronto, attracts a number of small-boat enthusiasts, campers, anglers—and beavers. The deep main passages between islands are left to the power-boating fraternity, but some of the best camping grounds and fishing waters can be reached only through narrow channels and by small boats—can be reached, that is, unless beavers have closed the passage. With boat hooks, pry bars, fire and, occasionally, dynamite, sportsmen dispute the right-of-way in these channels with the beavers.

The two fishermen set out from Parry Sound on the eastern shore of the bay in a square-ended canoe with a small outboard. They were heading toward an interior lake on one of the large islands that is (or was) connected to the bay proper by a short stream. Pushing up this outlet, they found it stoppedper tight by a sizable dam. The beavers had chosen the spot as carefully as Karl von Clausewitz locating breastworks. The ends of the dam butted against two high, jagged rock outcroppings, making it impossible to portage around the obstacle. The father and son got out and for a brisk hour or so had at the dam with axes, finally cutting a hole through which they could drag their canoe. They spent two days camped on the upper end of the lake. On their return they found the beavers had sealed them up

in the lake like a pair of butterflies in a collecting jar. Almost as if in a fit of pique the beavers had not only repaired the rent but built the whole dam higher, wider and tougher. Wedged in on top was a waterlogged boot. Presumably the boot had been accidentally lost or discarded by a previous party. Nevertheless, under the circumstances, its symbolism seemed a trifle sinister. The fishermen went to work on the dam with a will. They afterward claimed that they had the notion that if they didn't work fast a gang of beavers might grab their canoe, fishing rods, paddles and axes and stuff them into the dam.

Beavers seem to be becoming inordinately fond of decorating their structures with what pessimists might regard as trophies won from humans. In another Ontario commu-



One pair of beavers scored a spectacular victory, dashing a collector beneath near railroad tracks.

nity, citizens were puzzled, to say the least, to find a beaver lodge sporting a TV antenna. (Nobody really had the heart to open up this lodge and find out what was going on inside.) Beer cans are often used to brighten up a lodge or dam by beavers whose taste runs to pop art. In Oregon a beleaguered farmer strung tin cans on a wire above a dam in hopes that they would frighten away the beavers. A few nights later this would-be scarebeaver was torn down, incorporated into the dam and flaunted by the beavers like barbarians waving the captured eagles of a Roman legion.

Another atrocity story from Wisconsin relates the rout of a farmer trying to save a sweet-corn patch from a colony of marauding beavers. Reasoning that beavers are essentially nocturnal animals, the farmer stuck a shovel in the ground at the edge of the cornfield and hung a lighted lantern from the handle. Next morning the shovel handle was chewed off; the handle and the lantern were buried in the beavers' dam.

Urbanites who like to believe that Allegany County and the Wisconsin Dells are faraway places and that beavers are creatures of which they need to know nothing should be warned that beavers are, figuratively speaking, already at the city gates. Beavers were reintroduced to Cook County, Ill. seven years ago. (The marshes along Lake Michi-

continued

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BEAVERS continued

gan near what is now Chicago were once prime beaver-trapping grounds.) The beavers were brought in to raise the water level of a 30-acre bog but soon began cutting down ornamental trees, flooding basements in suburban Palos Park. Beavers are chewing up gladioli in Portland, Ore. and have knocked down power lines within three blocks of the center of Milwaukee, Ore. Beavers have penetrated the Broadmoor residential section of Seattle, Wash. Broadmoor is so exclusive that human visitors cannot enter without permission of uniformed guards, but the beavers got in without a pass and mowed down late blooming annuals and hardy perennials by the lake. Also in Washington, a ski bowl at Hynek and an airport at Bellingham were threatened by beaver-engineered floods. Perhaps the most ominous tale of beavers in or under the streets comes from a New York city which shall go unidentified so as not to encourage civilian panic. At a recent convention of game managers, a New York delegate whispered the alarm: a beaver had escaped from a zoo and had found a home in the sewer system of Metropolis, N.Y.

Some activities of modern beavers defy logical, biological analysis. Capriciousness is the only explanation for the behavior of some beavers living along the Bullpasture River in Virginia, a deepish, swift-flowing trout stream. For years the Bullpasture beavers were regarded as benign. There is enough water in the river so that they do not need to build dams and ledges, making do with holes under the banks. Also, there have never been many people along the Bullpasture for beavers to bother. However, when these animals did turn mischievous, they did so with such flourish that it seems they must have spent a lot of their leisure time in which other beavers are breaking their backs building dams) thinking up this caper. The adage, "Idle hands find devil's work," comes instantly to mind.

A Washington, D.C. couple built a weekend cabin one summer on the Bullpasture just downstream from the beaver colony. The next spring the adult female human allowed as how she was

not going to go on drying clothes on a flat rock. She wanted a proper clothesline. The adult male cat, trimmed and peeled two cedar posts, set them in the ground, strung the lines and left on Sunday afternoon well satisfied with his work. Returning the next Friday night, the family found that a beaver of undetermined age and sex had felled both poles as neatly as if with a chain saw (it takes a beaver only 20 minutes to cut a four-inch tree) and left them lying in front of the cottage. This was a real puzzle. Cedar is not beaver chew, and a peeled post of any sort should have absolutely no food appeal. Obviously, beavers are either sick humorists or nurse a low, mean streak of vengeance. Whatever the reason, the victimized cabin owners have covered the new clothesline poles (as well as the cross-ported supports of the cabin itself) with hardware mesh. They are not interested in learning how far the Bullpasture beavers might carry their joke.

There are other examples of this nas-



As a last resort, I suppose I will build a well-constructed dam—maybe

ty, horse-laugh side of a beaver's character. Beavers chewed down 40 posts of a new fence line put in by a rancher in western Colorado. A turkey rancher in Oregon complained to the game commission that beavers were stampeding his flocks, giving them nightmares by felling heavy timber along the Willamette River, near his poultry pens. In Pittsburg, Kans., beavers introduced by the state wildlife authorities built long, slippery, muddy slides into water-filled strip-mining coalpits. A fair number of fishermen and nature hikers who hunt-

continued

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BEAVERS

dered into these chutes were dunked in the cool pits.

By and large the offensives being waged by beavers against people is a sort of guerrilla-engineering operation, but occasionally beavers are ready and willing to meet you eyeball to eyeball. The Jackson River near Warm Springs, Va., is full of beavers, bank beavers, lodge beavers, dam beavers. Since a considerable stretch of the Jackson Valley is a wildlife sanctuary, the beavers are free to rearrange it as they choose. Here one gets an idea of just how cheeky beavers can be on their home grounds.

The Jackson is also a fine, fast, white-water canoeing river, so fast that when paddling it is often necessary to pull into the bank in order to study the approaches to difficult rapids. A friend and I one spring day smartly executed such a maneuver, swinging the stern end of our canoe into a niche in the canyon wall, just upstream from a treacherous-looking falls. To the surprise of all three, we found the small rock alcove occupied by a very dignified 50-pound beaver. The beaver was sitting back on his ample haunches, delicately holding a half-eaten length of alder sapling. He gave us the kind of look Diamond Jim Brady might have leveled at a pair of beavers if they had plopped down beside him when he was about to polish off a diamondback terrapin. Slowly the beaver laid down his snack and dove into the water. He tried to surface directly under our aluminum canoe, like a furry Moby Dick. In an attempt to see what was happening and to prevent something worse from happening, we both leaned over the same side of the canoe, immediately capsizeing it. The beaver gave a contemptuous thrash of his flat, fat tail and disappeared, leaving us to deal with the cold water as best we could.

One thing that this world does not lack for is things to worry about. The purpose of this report is not to alarm anyone. It is only a warning. If you should hear, in the dead of the night, the sound of an ornamental magnolia, lampost or picnic table being felled into a fishpond, storm sewer or septic tank, the thing to do is take to the hills. The beavers have come. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—OHIO STATE defeated Oklahoma State 6-2 in the final to win its first NCAA championship in Omaha. Named outstanding player of the College World Series was the Buckeye STEVE ARLEN, who beat (out-ran) USC (lost) from a three-runner and a two-runner and released in three other winning games. Alumnus Arlen coached 707 innings, allowed only two runs and struck out 58.

BOATED Three speedboat drivers, EDEN MULLSON and BEN MANSCHIEFER, both of Seattle, and DAVID WILSON, of Puyallup, 11a, all were killed during the previous 5 days for speeding on Puget Sound. Following the Washington Marine Patrol's investigation, Lt. Thompson, who when his 1965 Mustang exploded during an elimination heat, while Manschiefer and Wilson were killed a few hours later when their boats collided in the final heat. Officials stopped the race, and later declared Manschiefer the winner on the basis of points accrued during the elimination heats.

Boxing—West Germany's KARL MEHDENER, 41, 28, stopped the first to get a shot at a new world heavyweight title, retained his European championship when he scored a 15-round decision over Ivan Probac, a 33-year-old Yugoslavian, at Frankfurt, West Germany.

ONE—BILLY CASPER, who made up a seven-stroke deficit on the last hole to tie Arnold Palmer and force an 18-hole playoff for the U.S. Open title in San Francisco, again came from behind to win by one stroke.

KATHEY WHITWORTH broke the LPGA mark for a 72-hole tournament when she shot rounds of 68, 71, 64, 65 for a 273 total to win the Milwaukee Jersey Open.

ROBERTA ALLEN, a 19-year-old University of Miami sophomore, won the Trans-Mississippi women's amateur at Ford Smith, Ark., 1 up over Seakunt's Penny Conley, also 19.

Homebound—Ogden Phipps's BUCKPASSER (22 8/1), the reddest horse competing in the U.S. despite his absence from the Triple Crown races because of an injury, gained his first stable victory since March at Santa Anita, a 9-2 favorite victory over a field of 10. Phipps's 1980 season was not as successful as his 1979 season, when Buckpasser won the Kentucky Derby and the Belmont Stakes at Delaware Park in Stratton, Del. The victory, which was worth \$28,962, increased Buckpasser's owner earnings to \$209,964.

MOTOR SPORTS—FORD finished one, two, three and the 24-hour endurance race in Le Mans, France, marking the first time an American-made vehicle

boxed French (no factory entries finished) as the
Le Mans slave (page 28).

RECORD—Dark-horse WISCONSIN, rowing the three rules on Dracutts Lake in Syracuse, N.Y. in 1941, won the IRA's coxless championship for the first time in seven years, beating defending champion Navy by half a boat length (from 50).

HARVARD's unbeaten varsity eight defeated Yale by 45 lengths in the annual clash on the Thames near New London, Conn., during the four annual regattas in 1944-45 to break the old mark, set by Yale in 1942 by 33.8 seconds.

SENIOR Top-seeded **CHARLES PASARELLI**, a UCLA senior and a member of the Davis Cup team, failed to defeat Sean Smith, a Southern Cal sophomore who holds the national doubles title, 6-4, 3-6, 2-6, 6-3 & 4-1, in the N.C.A.A. championship singles final at the University of Miami.

Australia's RICHY EMERSON, seen here fourth from left, is a London gay activist and photographer and has secured by default what his counterpart, Tony Roche, had to pull out of the final because of an injured ankle. A year ago Emerson was awarded the title when Dennis Kozlowski forfeited because of a violent thug. France's FRANCIS DURU, a former law student, beat Judy Tregura of Australia in straight sets for the women's title.

FRANK A. WALKER—Washington State's GERRY LENDGREN, weighing in at 130 pounds, won the six-mile run and set a meet record in the three-mile, while Texas A&M's RANDY MATSON, at 250 pounds, broke meet marks in both the shotgun and discus throws at the NCAA outdoor championships in Knoxville, Ind. (Cont. p. 1).

WEIGHT LIFTING—GARY GUBNER, the former NYU champion shotputter, won the heavy weight title at the AAU championships in York, Pa. with a three-
BF total of 1,170 pounds.

WRESTLING TURKISH where wrestling is the national sport. "We had to win," said its coach NUSUP ALAR, 42, an Olympic champion in 1948 and three world champions in the 57½-pound class, as the Turks took one gold medal (GABRIEL MAHMOUD, 17½-pounder) and placed in all seven other weight classes at the 1988 Olympic Games. Turkey won five free-style championships in Toledo. It was Turkey's first world wrestling title since 1957 when the meet was held in Istanbul, Russia, with the gold medalist (Ismet) finished second with 28½ points, followed by the competing U.S. team which placed fourth with 24½ points. Turkey's best wrestler up to world level was born before 1900, yet

the U.S. coach, 37-year-old Bill Smith. The U.S. winner of two silver medals (JABRY KRITCHOFF, beryllium), and **BONNY DEUTZLAS**, 110.5 pounds) and one bronze (**RICHARD SANDORNS**, 114.5 pounds), had never finished higher than fifth in previous world championships.

PLAYERS PROPOSED NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SOCCER LEAGUE (12/24/85) — A group of 100 professionals, including 60 members of four National Football League teams (Carroll Rosenbloom and Don Kohnert of the Baltimore Colts; Arthur and Elan Rooney of the Pittsburgh Steelers; Charles and Ed Rodell of the St. Louis Cardinals; and Mike and Tom McCloskey of the New York Jets), have proposed a new professional soccer league. The members of the league would be New York, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto and Vancouver. Play would start in the cities' major stadiums in April 1987, and most players would be retired or

[illegible]

RETURNED JIM LAMMON, 45, who succeeded the famed Ty Elbright as head rowing coach at the University of California in 1960 and won the IRA championship in 1980, 1981 and 1984, to become dean of men at the university. Lammon ends his coaching career at Cal with 46 wins, six losses, and one dead heat. He will be replaced by **MARTY McNAUL**, 26, who rowed stroke on the 1980 championship Cal team.

DESTROYED Maryland's Pimlico Race Track CLUBHOUSE, the oldest in the U.S. by a year, after the "B" is a shame. "Something you just don't replace," said Pimlico's Racing Director Chick Lang. All that was left of the Shreveport structure was the vertebrae metal-pole, weathered and now a blocked brick shaft.

DIED: HAROLD WORST, 77, the world's three-cushion billiards champion for the past 12 years, in Grand Rapids, Mich., of cancer.

CREDITS

22, 23—William King 24, 25—John Needles
James Brown 26, 27—James Denny 28, 29—Cass
W. Chapman 30—Tony Fox 31, 32—Herb Schell
age 37—Gordon, AP 34—James Schumann 42
William Kennedy 43—Rick Johnson 44—Bob Price
age 45—A. Donald Pyram's Health-care Study, April
4, 1988, Baltimore, and the

FACES IN THE CROWD



CAPTAIN ALBERT SYDNEY HELLEY, 71, a riverboat pilot since 1936, steered the *Delta Queen* of Cincinnati to her third victory in five years over the *Belle of Louisville* in their annual race on the Ohio River. The *Queen* was 1,000 feet ahead, despite a two-mile handicap.



STEVE EICHTSTADT
19, a sophomore at Miami-Dade Junior College who has been golfing since he was 8, won the national junior college individual title and led Miami-Dade to a 24-stroke team victory in the championships at Miami Lakes Country Club in Miami.



WALT MIGHEL, a Fairleigh Dickinson freshman from Jersey City, N.J., who earlier won the eastern collegiate match game bowling title, defeated C. Lynn Vincent, the western champ, by 27 pins (197-170) to take the national match game championship in New York.



TOM FIFE, 23, of Berkeley, Calif., returned to Brigham Young University after three years as a missionary in Germany, regained his old catcher's spot (he was a two-position player) and batted .508 for the season to lead the Western Athletic Conference in hitting.



BRENDA SMITH, a senior on the Louisville Male High School girls track team, won the 50-yard low hurdles in 7.1 at the Kentucky State championships, then ran legs on both the 800-yard medley and 440-relay teams, which broke national girls' archambolastic records.



BRUCE WEGAN, a senior who became a lacrosse multiplier for Baker's Boys' Lacrosse in School when he was a third-grader, gained 73% of all his face-offs this season and won the Kelly Award, given annually to the outstanding high school lacrosse man in Maryland.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by SANDY RAMRAS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

When PHILADELPHIA'S (4-6) Jackie Brandt ran to his position in right field in the second half of a doubleheader against the Braves, it was only the third time in 17 games that he was in the starting lineup. Brandt had a .119 batting average, one extra-base hit, seven RBIs and, according to a bed-sheet sign, he was "Busier Brandt." Coming to bat in the third inning, he politely tipped his cap in the direction of the sign and hit his first home run in 10 months. When he returned to the outfield, the sign had been taken down, and when it reappeared it said only "Brandt." ATLANTA (2-6) had 13 homers in four games, but the Braves' starting pitchers were ineffective and Manager Bobby Bragan had to use 20 relief pitchers. Felipe Alou hit six home runs to raise his season total to 17—all 17 with the bases empty. Another team with pitching problems was CHICAGO (3-4). Leo Durocher gave Chuck Estrada his first start since June 1964, but the onetime Baltimore star was hit hard by the Giants. Ron Santo had an 18-game hitting streak to raise his average to .305. In SAN FRANCISCO (5-2) the temperature was 91°, and the Giants were just as hot. Before a game with the Cubs, Willie Mays (who was in a 3-for-19 slump and batting .268) showed to Picher Ernie Broglio, "Get ready, I need some hits and you're my man." Willie popped out the first time but came back in the third with a run-scoring single and two days later hit his 520th homer. Picher Gaylord Perry (*below*) won twice, st. LOUIS (6-3) Outfielder Lou Brock celebrated his 27th birthday with a game-winning home run against Philadelphia to break out of a prolonged slump. Brock had gone to the Florida Instructional League last fall to learn the strike zone, but he came back so confused that he was striking out at a record

pace. Bob Gibson won the 100th game of his career, a three-hitter over the Pirates. Although PITTSBURGH (5-2) moved into second place, starters completed only one game in nine, and of the Pirates' first 36 victories, the bullpen had saved 21. In his last 20 games Roberto Clemente had 33 hits, five homers and 19 RBIs and jumped his average from .285 to .325. Castoffs played important roles for new yank (4-6). Picher Bob Shaw, acquired from the Giants, pitched his first complete game of the season and followed with a second win four days later. Shortstop Ed Bressoud was told by President George Wens to wear glasses, he did, and upon replacing Roy McMillan at shortstop won three games with key hits. The Mets picked up Bob Friend from the Yankees and dropped Dick Stuart. Unhappy because CINCINNATI (6-4) traded Picher Joey Jay (6-2 for the season) to the Braves for Hank Fischer (2-3), irate fans banged Owner Bill DeWitt in effigy in the Fountain Square area. One player who wanted to be traded—Chico Ruiz, who has had only 43 at bats in two years—was not. HOUSTON (3-4) Picher Larry Dierker said, "It was the thrill of my life," after he had shut out the Dodgers 3-0 on a five-hitter. Dave Gault won his ninth, beating the Cubs for the fourth time this year. Jim Gentile, who had "life blow up in my face" after being dropped from the club for tossing his bat at an umpire, reconsidered the Astros' offer and decided to report to Oklahoma City. "Drysedale's pitching and stuff are a lot better than his record, but he hasn't been as lucky as Drysdale of old," said LOS ANGELES (3-4) Manager Walt Alton after the big right-hander lost his eighth game of the season. Sandy Koufax lost his first game to the Astros since April 14, 1963 (it was also his first loss this season since April 30) but

came back in his next start to beat the Giants 3-2.

Standings: SF 49-28, PH 37-25, LA 37-28, PH 35-30, NY 34-30, CH 31-31, CH 29-34, AT 29-34, NY 24-38, CH 20-41

AMERICAN LEAGUE

After Boston (2-6) Owner Tom Yawkey saw the Red Sox play for the first time this season, an 11-7 loss to the Tigers, he announced that, contrary to reports, "I am not getting ready to sell." The Sox lost five straight, seven of eight, and gave up 70 runs on 87 hits during the week. Trying to get out of 10th place, the Red Sox traded Picher Earl Wilson to the Tigers for Outfielder Don Demeter. Only 10 players from last year's roster remain in Boston uniforms. Al Kaline of DETROIT (5-2), who was in a mid slump early in the season, got his 2,000th career hit, a single against Boston, and Willie Horton, who had been batting .186, beat the Red Sox with a home run. Between them, Kaline and Horton had 19 hits and 16 RBIs. Deany McLam became the first American League pitcher to win 10 games, and Bill Monbouquette, who was moved into the bullpen, won his first game since May 20. Before Wilson started against NEW YORK (2-5) he said, "You can't knock a deal that takes you to a contender. It's great to be alive." The Yankees were glad, too; they scored five runs off Earl in 4½ innings. Mel Stottlemyre won his sixth game, and Picher Fred Talbot, acquired from the Athletics, won his first for the Yankees. With a lineup that had no one older than 26, KANSAS CITY (4-6) Manager Al Derr said, "If the season were to start again, we wouldn't concede anything to anybody." Thereupon K.C. lost four straight. Derr benched Team Captain Dick Green briefly, and when Green returned to

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

When Gaylord Perry signed with the San Francisco Giants for a \$90,000 bonus in 1958, he was regarded as a certain winner. "His fast ball is already major league speed," said Giant Scout Tim Murchison. But Perry spent 4½ years in the minors before coming up to the Giants in 1962, compiling a 3-1 record in San Francisco won the pennant. In 1963 his record slipped to 1-6 and he was farmed out. He got back to the Giants in 1964 and pitched well (12-11, 2.75 ERA), but in 1965 he fell off to 8-12 and a 4.18 ERA. This season Gaylord had to prove himself to Manager Herman Franks after the manager had suggested that he was gutless. "Herman and I aren't speaking," Perry would say.

He won his first game, a relief appearance against the Cubs on April 19, and in his first start four days later he had a four-hit victory over the Astros. His record reached 3-0 before he lost his first game on May 15. But on May 24 he suffered an ankle injury sliding into second base that put him on the disabled list. Why the extra hustle? "I don't ever like to give up," said Perry. He returned to action last week, beat the Cubs and lifted the Giants back into first place. In the clubhouse, Franks was among the first to shake his hand. Four days later he defeated the Dodgers for his eighth win. He had the best winning percentage of any pitcher in the majors (.888), his overall major league career record was finally above .500 again (32-31), and the Giants were leading the league.



GIANTS' GAYLORD PERRY

THE SEASON

BEST	WORST	
BATTING (NL)	Allen Phil 231	McMullin
BATTING (AL)	7 Robinson	NY 157
	Bat: 345	Ryan Ben 178
HOME RUNS (NL)	Aaron Al 27	Jackson Herb 0
HOME RUNS (AL)	3 Robinson Bat	(11 per 11 AB)
	18 (1 per 13 AB)	Worthington
PITCHING (NL)	Rodriguez LA 17	Elia Cal 2 1
PITCHING (AL)	McMullin SF	Sheldon
	Del 10 3	NC Box 4 8
ERA (NL)	Rodriguez LA 1 57	Elia Cal 6 00
ERA (AL)	John Cal 2 02	Sheldon
		Winn 5 26
COMPLETE GAMES (NL)	Rodriguez LA 12	Worthington Al
	(16 starts)	Hamby Cal 8
COMPLETE GAMES (AL)	McMullin Del 6	(11 starts)
	(14 starts)	Elia Cal NY 0
TEAM HR (NL)	Atlanta 85	(13 starts)
TEAM HR (AL)	Baltimore 75	St Louis 30
TEAM SB (NL)	Los Angeles 54	Kansas City 19
TEAM SB (AL)	Chicago 30	San Francisco 00
		Becker 8

*through June 17

the lineup he went 2 for 4 in his first game and hit a homer in the next. Suffering from a pulled muscle in his right leg, Jack Lamabe of Chicago (4-5) refused to miss his starting turn and was ineffective, losing for the first time after four straight wins. White Sox Manager Eddie Stanky was unhappy, too, with his team's play. He kept the Sox around for extra batting practice, even though they had just played three games in less than 24 hours. Hearing that his players were unhappy about the extra work, Stanky yelled, "They can either do it or get out." Hoyt Wilhelm returned from the disabled list. CALIFORNIA (7-3) Manager Bill Rigney told his team to "relax and send out your laundry and forget about the trading deadline." The Angels won seven straight. Dean Chance won his first game since May 13, and Jim Fregosi, who had been hitting .193, raised his average 40 points. Pitcher Clyde Wright, brought up from El Paso, won his first major league game. Luis Aparicio of BALTIMORE (6-2) extended his hitting streak to 18 games. Frank and Brooks Robinson combined for seven home runs and the Orioles again moved into first place ahead of the Indians. F. Robby was leading the league in both hitting and home runs, and Brooks led in RBIs. Larry Brown returned to the CLEVELAND (3-4) lineup for the first time since suffering a fractured skull on May 4. However, Pitchers Sam McDowell and Dick Radatz were sidelined with arm injuries. WASHINGTON (4-3) Pitcher Pete Richert combined with Reliever Ron Kline to pitch a one-hitter against the Orioles, and big Frank Howard raised his average to .287. Dave Bessell of MINNESOTA (4-5) won his fourth straight after starting the season with four losses.

Standings: Bat: 47-12, Cal 37-27, Del 38-22, Cal 34 31, Minn 30 31, Chi 29-22, NY 26-33, Wash 21-38, KC 25 37, Bos 12-41



If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

QUAKER GOLF

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the finest golf tournament preview I have ever seen in print (U.S. Open, June 13). The models of the holes in Quaker Corner and Ken Venturi's lucid analysis of the Olympic Country Club course serve notice to all golfers that their game involves more than hitting a ball with a club.

Too many courses are being built today on the premise that size is challenge. I am not opposed to the long hitter. In fact, his advantage should not be taken from him by narrowing his landing zone. But neither should it be broadened or freed from the hazards that face other players. Leave it to the Olympics, the Oakmonts and the Merions to provide golf's real challenge; i.e., that the player not only be able to hit the ball but that he know where it's going and how it's going to get there. More golf course architects should realize that huge greens are robbing them of the very "challenge" they are trying to create with length. Give the expert putter a 10,000-square-foot green to hit to, and you're giving him duck soup. Of course, you can also create wild undulations in those big greens, but then you're getting close to the unreal trickery of miniature golf.

Perhaps today's trend is irreversible. I hope not. Somewhere there is the happy medium where length, hazard and terrain blend into a test of skill for the golfer and provide him with a genuine challenge. We need more Olympics, and I hope we'll all ways have an SI to tell us about them in yet other unique ways.

Tom Bugby

Kingston, N.Y.

SOMEBODY

Sirs:

John Underwood surely scored a birdie with his article, *A Nobody at the Open* (June 13). His heartwarming account of George Thomas' dream come true of teeing off with the greats in the U.S. Open was well worth the price of my subscription. Given such a chance, a lot of nobodies could very well become somebodies.

Gene Richards

Hollisburg, Ohio

Sirs:

The ending was a bit sad but the rest was thoroughly enjoyable. Being able to rub shoulders with Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer would certainly be a grand experience for anyone, and I'm sure that George's feelings were expressed correctly. I have seen a home pro compete in the Colonial National Invitation, and the pressures are greater

than imaginable. A nontouring golfer has to have a lot of guts to compete with the seven-day-a-weekers.

Donald F. Jones

Fort Worth

Sirs:

Every man who has ever wanted to excel in any sport should be able to stand in Thomas' shoes while he reads your article.

Robert A. Wiscumeyer

Oakton

Sirs:

George Thomas is not a nobody. He is one of the comparatively few "near greats." He was a competent pharmacist and is a dedicated professional golfer. The sport is enriched by people like George. He never was and never will be a nobody.

Gilbert S. Small, D.O.S.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sirs:

Indeed, George Thomas is a nobody and he is likely to remain so. For a man with a college education, he shows complete disrespect for his education and the profession of pharmacy for which he has studied. There is quite a distinction between the pill-peddler, soda-jerk, money-minded druggist and the true pharmacist. The pharmacist is capable of offering complete pharmaceutical services to the public, hospitals and members of the allied professions. He is a vital member of the American society and has earned this position through years of dedicated research. I am a pharmacist and I take great pride in being a member of the pharmaceutical profession. I resent any defamatory remarks concerning pharmacy by anyone, particularly a "druggist" like George Thomas.

Mr. Thomas can go on making chocolate sodas and counting pills, and, as the article says, he will continue to be "a nobody."

Frederick Eng

Baltimore

REDS' BRAIN

Sirs:

Your article on Bill DeWitt (*Cincinnati's Brain-Picker*, June 13) was great, but it doesn't give enough credit to one of the best baseball minds of this generation. DeWitt would have made an ideal commissioner. If baseball had more men like him it would not be playing second fiddle to football.

Roger Stanton

Oetroit

Sirs:

I was glad to read that Mr. Bill DeWitt is "hard working and methodical, frank and

a great brain-picker." The people of Cincinnati have been wondering what some of his good characteristics were. The Reds, packed by many to win the National League crown with their great young talent, are now dawdling in the second division. One reason for this poor showing is that DeWitt wants to have a puppet manager so he can run his club his way, which seems to be proving disastrous.

Young ballplayers need a brash, outspoken manager to gain their respect and to help them reach their peak potential. The Reds have just the opposite type of manager. Earlier in the year it was rumored that they had had a chance to get Leo Durocher. Undoubtedly Durocher's price was too high—both in dollars and amount of control, things which DeWitt was unwilling to give up. Because of this, the people of Cincinnati suffer.

William W. Cimagell

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Mr. DeWitt may have a great eye for balancing his budget, but he's a little weak in botany—he thinks Frank Robinsons grow on trees.

Alan King

Oakton

Sirs:

I am glad that Mr. DeWitt has "learned something from everyone I've ever been associated with" and that he "has become interested in the player-rating system of Ed Berry," but I wish SI would learn my real first name. It's Al, not Ld.

Alfred P. Berry

Mount Dana, Fla.

YINED DANAOS

Sirs:

Your SCORECARD article (June 13) quotes odds by Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder of Las Vegas on Marchal or Koufax winning 30 games this year. I recently spent five months in Las Vegas and found that if I bet against The Greek I was much better off most of the time. At this writing, Marchal and Koufax are both 12-2. With 98 games remaining for the Giants and 100 for the Dodgers, their chances have to be better than 3 to 1. So, Jimmie, I suggest you do not put your money where your mouth is. It could be expensive!

Richard E. Porch

New Brunswick, N.J.

STONY HONUS

Sirs:

It was indeed heartening to read George W. Hilton's plea (19TH HOLE, June 6) that

continued



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down
BUT ONLY IF YOU USE IT

the statue of Horatio Wagner be allowed to remain on the University of Pittsburgh campus when Forbes Field is razed and the Pirates move to the North Side? Those of us who are on the Putt track and cross-country teams will always have a special place in our hearts for old Horns. Whenever anyone of us lightens up near the end of a race, teammates sadly shake their heads and say, "He's tried to stame." Just like Horatio Wagner.

It could be said indeed if future U of Pittsburgh runners were denied this little old tradition.

FRANK HANSTEDT, MD
LARRY HENRIK
LUCK SMITH

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Also, one to add my idea to the letter written by Mr. Hilborn. Assume that this opens an hour in the ancient confines of a burial field and who still roams avidly for the Pirates and other Pittsburgh heroes. I am all for building a new stadium. But, like Mr. Hilborn, I hope that the spot is headless of the city allow the statue of Horatio Wagner to remain in its present location, as a reminder of the memorable events that have taken place there. It will be difficult to relocate even a few years from now, the excitement and thrill of the 1960 Series coming home run by Bill Mazeroski in front of a familiar landmark to begin with the existence of the old ball park.

Figure 4. (continued)

Validation 3.2

ALLISON L. LUTHEX

Source: *Author's calculations.*

There had so many single-innings... the last one in your 1994 Home of May '90. In Mel Allen's career breakdown at the close of the 1955 World Series that I had it is time to see the record straight. As any regular listener to the Yankee games that year can attest, Allen suffered from a severe case of laryngitis during the last two months of the 1955 season. It was so bad by 42 is September that he took an extended vacation until the opening of the World Series. The Devil apparently did some good as Allen's voice came back and held up until the eighth inning of the final game. But Donlin White Sox was forced to relieve him. Yankee haters may still argue that the Yankee Bombardier, Donlin hit. Dodgers 2, Yankees 0 in that fourth game knocked Allen's laryngitis down! But in this I can only say that Mel's voice held up perfectly after Yankees' catch as the 1955 Series. Many don't shame me in 1994, and throughout the entire 1959 season, when the Yankees won 7-5 and lost five straight games to the Boston Red Sox.

1. S. Armed Forces, Lithuania.

Source: *U.S. Census Bureau*.

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Russo-Manchurian Roulette

Here, in almost his own words, Engelbrecht, a free-lance German spy, recounts an Asian hunting experience by J. A. MAXTONE GRAHAM

I first met Petroff in the dark pine-woods of the Tayga. We were sitting around our campfire, my three companions and I—one German, two Frenchmen and one Chinese. The Tayga is a vast tract of virgin forest lying to the west of the great Manchurian plains, and in 1934 was still an El Dorado for game of all kinds. Our quarry on this occasion was wild boar, whose flesh we planned to take back to Harbin to feed three tiger cubs I had captured the previous year.

As we relaxed around the fire, waiting for the Chinese cook to prepare our meal, we sipped our drinks and talked about the day's happenings and our plans for the morrow. Suddenly the dogs gave a threatening growl, and three men staggered into the clearing. The tallest of them was clearly in a bad way. Blood clotted one trouser leg and he was limping, half supported on the shoulders of his companions. They spoke to us in Russian, a language I speak as fluently as my own. Quickly we made a space for them at the fire, and I examined the tall man's wound.

Petroff, his name was. That morning he had stumbled on a trip wire which fired a set gun and the charge had passed through his calf. Chinese hunters often used to set these traps for wild boar. The Russians carried no first-aid equipment, but I was able to give Petroff something to prevent blood poisoning and a bandage to dress the wound. It is possible that I saved his life.

The grateful Russians joined our camp and our party and stayed with us for several days. I found them to be affable fellows, reliable hunters and first-class shots. We trekked back the two days' ride to the city of Harbin together, where the Russians lived too. They worked, they told me, at the Soviet Embassy. We parted on the friendliest of terms.

At about this time there fell a bitter blow to all hunters in China. The import of readymade shells was forbidden by the government—and no Chinese firm could make them. Reloading old shells

would have been practicable except that suitable gunpowder was almost unobtainable. This undoubtedly ended the sport for the amateur and weekend hunters, but we old hands solved the problem by using Mary Pickfords.

Gunpowder does not explode if merely burns very fast, and it is the enormous expansion of the gases that drives the shot down the barrel. In the absence of proper powder, another fast-burning substance will do as well. Such a substance is camera film. I was running the German movie theatres, and I thus had contacts in the cinema world throughout Manchuria. As soon as a set of reels had made the complete circuit of 50 theatres they were—for the price of a small bribe—sent to me.

I would wash the film in warm water and brush off the emulsion. When dry, the film was cut into strips a yard long, and 30 or 40 such lengths would be sandwiched between two hardwood boards and squeezed very tight in a vise, leaving half an inch of film showing above the wood. A plane or a coarse file used on the projecting edges of the film would produce very fine shavings or chips. Mary Pickford Smokeless. I used to load the cartridges with a pinch of precious black powder to get speedy ignition, and fill up with 38 to 40 grains of Mary Pickford, the usual wads, shot and end cap. The result was ammunition that would kill anything in the Tayga.

It was, however, a tedious process, this home manufacture, and took up much of the time I should have been spending on my business, and I had other matters to attend to, even apart from market research for the Saxon firm which employed me. Once, when home in Germany on leave, I was approached by the German government. Would I be prepared to do a little intelligence work in Manchuria, reporting on the movements of the Russians, who were constantly trying to infiltrate? I said yes, and in fact I have for most of my life been active in intelligence work against the Communists: first for the White Rus-



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Roulette

stars, then for the Germans and lately for the Americans. I learned recently that Mosconi has put a sizable price on my head.

But in 1934 the Soviet counterespionage organization was not what it is today, and I thought it unlikely that my activities should have attracted the attention of the Russians. I continued my friendship with Petroff, and when my birthday came in August I was delighted to receive a present from him, in gratitude for my help in the Tayga. It was a shiny red box of factory-made Russian 12-gauge shells. The goose-shooting season was about to start on the Sungari River, and I was glad to have them. Because I normally load my own ammunition, distrusting mass production, I decided to open one of these Russian shells to see just what sort of performance I might expect.

I lifted off the lid of the box, folded back the greaseproof paper and pulled out one shell at random from the middle of the box. I removed the end and wiped the shot out onto the table. But instead of the 1 or 1.8 ounces I expected, there were no more than a dozen pellets. What was anyone supposed to shoot with these? I wondered. I picked out the next layer of wadding and was surprised to find, instead of the powder I expected, a stick of yellowish substance of the same consistency as putty. I carefully removed it and found, underneath, perhaps 10 grains of black powder.

I supposed at first that Petroff wanted to make a fool of me the next time we went hunting together. I would take a careful shot at a duck or goose, and there would be a miserable *plonk* from my gun, and the few pellets of shot would dribble into the water in front of me. Then I began to wonder.

I opened up the other 24 shells. All were loaded normally, although the balance between powder and shot was not, in my opinion, the most suitable for my own gun. A suspicion crossed my mind. I walked to a field not far from my house, taking with me the mysterious yellow substance. I also took some Chinese rockets, lashed the "putty" to a couple of them, hung the bundle on a tree, lit the fuse of the rocket and walked well away.

There was a huge detonation, and a rush of wind that blew my hat off. I returned to the tree to find that a large expanse of the bark had been scorched

and blackened by the explosion. A number of the small branches had been snapped off. It was with some uneasiness that I thought of what might have happened to me had I fired that shell in my gun.

What should I do? To telephone Petroff or his chief—at the Embassy and accuse them of trying to murder me would merely invite public ignorance of the whole affair, and perhaps an apology for shoddy Russian manufacturing methods. Or I could sit tight and do nothing and stay away from Petroff.

I did exactly the opposite. That evening I called him and invited him and his two friends to join my party for the goose shooting on the Sungari River. In August every year enormous flocks of wildfowl gather on the Sungari. It is a launching pad, as it were, for their flight to southern China, where they spend the winter. It gives some of the most fabulous shooting in the whole of China. Petroff accepted.

As I expected, the geese were there by the thousands. As we sailed up the river in my motorboat, we saw skein after skein wheeling above us as in their own secret ways they prepared for their long journey. Although not a shot was fired until 10 a.m., by 3 in the afternoon the eight of us had accounted for more than a hundred geese—and there was still the evening flight to come.

I had arranged that Petroff should stand next to me on my right, not more than 50 yards away. Sure enough, shortly after 3, I heard him coming through the reeds. "How many did you get?" he asked. "Fifteen," I said. "What about you? You had a lot of shooting?" "Yes," he told me. "I had 11, maybe 12. The greatest shooting I've ever had. The trouble is, I'm out of ammunition. I was wondering if you could lend us some. We'll pay you back in Harbin, of course."

"I'll pay you back now," I thought to myself. Aloud I said, "Of course, I've got half a belt here, Mary Pickfords, but I seem to be all right with those today." I dipped into my bag and pulled out the box he had given me a few weeks before. "Share these with Alekseyeff," I told him.

"No, no," he said hastily. "You should keep these. Let me have the Mary Pickfords."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. If you're accustomed to Russian-made ammunition,

don't you must stick to it." I put a dozen shells into his belt. He clutched the rest, still in their shiny red box, and squeaked off through the dank mud at the side of the river. "I'll up Aleveeff's belt too," I called after him.

As I expected, the best of the shoot really started soon afterward. Hardly a minute passed without seeing or hearing a flight of geese take to the air in front of us. It was not long before a flight headed straight for Petroff. He did not fire.

"Hey, Petroff," I called. "Didn't you see those?"

"Yes, but they were a shade too high for me. You spoil the shooting for the others if you take them too high," Petroff shouted back.

All the geese flew either too high or too fast for Petroff and Aleveeff the rest of the afternoon. At dusk the rushes parted and Petroff approached me through the failing light. I motioned to a friend who was standing on the other side of me to move closer. The civiest way out of the Russian's embarrassing plight, I reflected grudgingly, would be if a stray shot were to topple me into the Singari River. But they would not dare if there was a witness. All the same, I considered that the game had gone on long enough to be safe, and I offered to take back the new shells and to let Petroff have some Mary Pickfords, since he and Aleveeff did not seem to have much luck with the Russian ammunition. The exchange was made, and Petroff went back to his position with a light step. He and Aleveeff then contributed a few more geese to the bag, while I took good care to use up the remaining cartridges from the box Petroff had given me. Except for one.

We had a mile to walk back to where I had moored the boat, and we had the heavy burden of nearly 150 geese to carry along the riverside path. Halfway we stopped for a rest.

"And how did you get on," I asked Petroff, "with our famous Manchurian Mary Pickfords?"

"Amazing," he answered. "Really amazing. They were almost as good as proper shells. I killed one very high bird. Very high indeed."

"Almost as good?" I can tell you, my friend, that your Russian shells cannot compare with my Mary Pickfords, or not when it comes to the pattern."

"Ah, the pattern. You know, these

—continued—

EM57



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Roulette *continued*

good Moscow shells will put 50 pellets into a 30-inch circle at 30 yards."

"From a choke barrel?" I asked.

"Yes," he bragged. "And I bet your Mary Pickfords won't do that."

"Well," I said, "It's a pity we can't prove it, because I've used all of your box. All I've left is a couple of... Oh, no, we're in luck. Look, I've got one in my pocket." As I showed him the bright Russian shell he flinched. This was it, he must have been thinking. This must surely be the "special." Even in the half light I could see his face blanching. I produced a sheet of newspaper that had been used for wrapping my lunch and tore it in half.

"We'll put this against the tree here and give these shells a test," I suggested. I paced out 30 yards, loaded a Mary Pickford into my right barrel and fired into the center of the sheet. Then I set up the other paper. "You try this one, Petroff," I said, and handed him the last—and crucial—Russian shell.

"No, really, my dear friend," he stammered. "Would it not be better if you...?"

"If I...?"

"I mean, a test like this should be done with the same gun."

"Nonsense, my dear friend. Yours is 12-gauge, 28-inch, improved cylinder, the same barrel as mine. If you're showing off your country's shells, the least you can do is to fire it yourself."

"Yes, come on, Petroff," agreed one of my own friends. "Let's see what Moscow can do. We want to get home." The seven of us ringed round the Russian, all except Alexeyeff, who had disappeared behind a tree with the usual excuse.

Petroff could see no way out without loss of face. Reluctantly he opened the breech of his gun and inserted the cartridge. He looked around for moral support, but Alexeyeff was still behind the tree. Slowly Petroff raised his gun to his shoulder, and I could see the sweat glistening on his brow. He slipped forward the safety catch at the second attempt and took aim.

The nose of the shot shattered the silence. Petroff let the gun drop from his grasp and sank to the ground on his knees. Alexeyeff appeared from behind the tree, ostentatiously buttoning his fly. I collected the newspaper, and the pattern was pretty good.

I never went hunting with Petroff again.

END

EMS8



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